

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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WAR'S DEATH ROLL IN PEACE TIME

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QUEEN ANNE'S DOLL IS NOT DEAD

A LITTLE VISIT TO LONDON

Remarkable Collection of Small
Things From the Past

NAPOLEON'S CHESS TABLE

Queen Anne is dead but not her doll. The dear ugly thing has just come out of her retirement.

She belongs to Sir William Hart Dyke, the famous old man of Kent who still lives in his Lullingstone Castle at 93, defying age, enjoying his ancient oaks and his lovely park, and his memories as the oldest of Queen Victoria's Ministers still left among us.

Sir William realises that such a venerable person as Queen Anne's doll must dislike the noise and bustle of this modern world, for Anne was born in 1665 and the doll must be not less than 260 years old. So it is that Sir William has kept the doll through all these years in the quiet of Lullingstone, one of the many treasures of his beautiful home. But when charity calls who can be deaf?

An Adventurous Life

The Loan Exhibition of Period Models at Dudley House this month was irresistible, as it was in aid of the Y.W.C.A. The Queen sent 200 tiny treasures; Lord Sandwich lent a miniature man-of-war built in 1678; one of the City Companies sent a model of the State Coach; and the Princess Paleologue lent the little chess table carried by Napoleon on his campaigns. That table has had the most adventurous life of any chess table in the world. We think of chess as a game played in the ante-room of a palace, or in a study when curtains are drawn and lamps are lit, but this table lived in tents, and was used when swords clinked, spurs jingled, and bugles rang just beyond the canvas wall.

As the factory owner plays golf in order to forget his business cares so the Man of Destiny played chess in order to refresh his mind before attacking the problems that confronted him in the course of his campaigns.

A Pathetic Tea Set

Perhaps the chess table has as much historic interest as anything in the exhibition; but for pathos nothing could exceed Charlotte Brontë's doll's tea set. The Brontë children had so few toys, and so dark and cold a corner for a nursery and so often a death in their midst, that they were little old women at six or seven, and read the political reports in the newspaper while luckier children were reading fairy tales. This tea service must have been so great a treasure in their little secluded circle that they hardly dared play with it, and so it has survived to our own day.

Queen Anne's doll survived for other reasons. Little princesses have always

The Prizewinner



The housewife who ordered a cabbage would receive a shock if one as large as that shown in our picture were delivered at her door. It was the prizewinner at an agricultural show held in Surrey, and it weighed no less than 36 pounds.

had plenty of toys and not scrupled to treat them vigorously, but wooden dolls do not mind that. Perhaps this doll was a gift from James the Second, whose pet Anne was, and who burst into tears when he learned that she had taken sides with William, and Mary against him. Or it may have come from good-natured Uncle Charles or even have been given to her by the doomed Monmouth.

Anne loved dolls and she loved babies, but all her own children died in infancy except one princeling, who lived to be eleven. When he died Anne's heart was broken, and she believed it was a punishment for deserting her father. Perhaps the doll would not have survived if Anne had had grandchildren to inherit it.

Now Anne is gone, with all her kinsmen, and their curled wigs and stately clothes, and their cruelties and their griefs and their loves. Gone, too, are the men who made her reign famous: Marlborough, Pope, Defoe, Addison, Swift. Little is left of those stirring times but a few books and an old doll.

A BLIND MOTHER SEES HER CHILD

A strange thing has happened in Stockport. A mother has just seen her three-year-old child for the first time!

She is Mrs Christopher Gavin, and eight years ago she had a severe attack of rheumatic fever. After that her sight grew dimmer till she could see nothing, and when her baby girl was born she used to ask people to describe the child.

A few weeks ago the darkness began to pale. The blind mother found that she could distinguish night from day, and by and by she could see objects taking shape in the mist. Gradually the mist melted, and now she can see her baby as well as any other mother.

In the Middle Ages such a recovery would have been called a miracle, and in Africa it would have been ascribed to the magic of a witch doctor; but in England today we can only say that the nerves which had ceased to function have started to function again. Nobody knows why, but everyone rejoices.

7000 MILES WITH DRINKING-WATER

HOW CARDIFF SUPPLIES A WHALING FLEET

Strange Cargo on Its Way to
the Antarctic Ocean

ONE OF THE CURIOUS THINGS OF LIFE

Water for the Antarctic! It seems as odd as carrying coals to Newcastle, but it is done.

The Norwegian steamer Vigdis is steaming South to the whaling fleet round about South Georgia, the uninhabited island among the drift ice of the Antarctic Circle, carrying a cargo of 835,000 gallons of Welsh drinking-water from Cardiff.

We can easily understand that there are nearly 2000 tons of potatoes on board for the 20 whalers, but why should each vessel have 40,000 gallons of water?

Fresh Water and Sea Water

The answer to the question is that it is cheaper to carry water 7000 miles from Cardiff to the Antarctic than to fill the tanks of the whalers from any nearer part. Distilling water from ice-floes is ruled out because of the cost in fuel. To distil enough water for a whaling fleet in the season it would be necessary almost to burn down a forest.

It actually is possible to distil fresh water from the sea, but it can only be done with machinery too costly for small ships. It is true of the whaler, as it was true of the Ancient Mariner in this very Antarctic Ocean, that there is water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink.

In this connection there is a point to consider which does not readily come to mind, for the difference between salt water and fresh water has a curious consequence outside the question of drinking. If water is to be stored in tanks as ballast the captain must make a calculation as to the weight and bulk of the two sorts of water. A ton of fresh water occupies about 36 feet of cubic space, but a ton of salt water comes into 35 cubic feet. A ton of fresh water has 224 gallons and a ton of sea water 217 gallons.

Our Great Highway

Then there is an element of vital importance to navigation in the fact that sea water is more buoyant than fresh water. Every swimmer knows that, and it concerns the ship's captain because he must remember that if the draught of his vessel is 20 feet in sea water he will need about six feet more depth in fresh water.

There is, of course, vastly more sea water than fresh water in the world, yet, while the salt water is our great highway from continent to continent, it is upon fresh water that all life depends. Fishes live in salt water but never drink it, and river fish perish in the sea.

WAR'S DEATH ROLL IN PEACE TIME

60 YOUNG MEN GONE

The Terrible and Ever-Growing
Toll of the Air

AN EXPERT ASKS WHY

Sixty of the young lives of the Royal Air Force have been cast away in crashing planes this year. It is sixty, at least, at the time of writing this.

It is an ungrateful task to add to the distress of those near relatives who have most to deplore in the loss of these young men in the prime of their manhood and the flower of their courage, but the day-by-day casualty list of the Air Force is becoming an outrage to the public conscience.

Why do these accidents, so appalling because they seem to come with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, happen so often? The essence of an accident, after the event, often seems to be its inevitability. It seems that nothing could have frustrated it. But we cannot disregard the fact that the deaths this year of the Air Force men are more than double the number of those in Civil Aviation this year—60 to 26.

Lessons Unlearned

Why this proportion? Granted that in Civil Aviation, which is pursued for commercial purposes, the safety of plane, pilot, and passenger is the first and last of the things aimed at. Even so there are accidents to commercial planes. But the same kinds of accidents do not often occur in succession. In the Air Force crashes the error that was made one day is repeated the next, with the same result. *Death has not taught the lesson.*

In no means of transport is Death's hand so heavy. It is idle to put forward figures to show that flying claims fewer victims a year than motoring or travelling by rail. For every 400 road vehicles there is one death a year. For every 400 licensed aircraft there are 20.

What Is Wrong?

It is, according to the flying expert of the Daily Telegraph, 1000 times more dangerous to go by aeroplane than by rail. One passenger is killed for every twenty thousand plane trips, but only one for every twenty million railway journeys.

What is it that is wrong? Is it skill? That can hardly be maintained. Every pilot has to undergo the most searching tests of his skill. His nerves, his physique, his medical fitness, his mental quickness, his obliviousness to giddiness, are all certified.

So also in most cases is the soundness of his machine. What are not certified are the judgment and the character of the flying-man.

Is he foolhardy? Is he likely to think that because he took a liberty with his machine yesterday he can do it again with impunity today?

Does he realise that in spite of the astonishing ingenuity of the aeroplane's controls and gadgets it is his own brain which is the final authority? If that falters no machine is foolproof.

The Human Factor

And what do we mean by foolproof? To speak quite plainly, no machine is proof against the inattention which may be inevitable in the bravest young man who is out of sorts from any cause whatever when he goes up.

There is extraordinary courage, but superfluous recklessness in the Air Force, and till this is eliminated the accidents will continue to mount.

It is right and necessary that something should be done to prevent this increasing tragedy. We cannot afford to be throwing away the life of a young trained man more than once a week. It is right, also, that the public should understand the view of an expert like

THE GREATEST LIVING POET

Sir William Watson

NATIONAL APPEAL FOR A GENIUS IN ADVERSITY

Not once nor twice but many times the C.N. and its companion monthly have drawn attention to the poetry of Sir William Watson, the oldest and proudest of our living poets.

It is therefore with much satisfaction that we see the National Appeal issued as an act of recognition of the genius of this great poet.

Sir William Watson has fallen upon hard times; he has lived into a world in which the love of poetry is too little to give the poet a living. Men grow rich by writing rubbish while poets starve.

To one who spends a few hours with a collection of some of the stuff called modern poetry it is a relief to turn to the voice of Sir William Watson which rang through the land not many years ago, and is happily still with us.

It is like turning from penny tin whistles to a trumpet from the heavens.

A Masterly Mind

Here is one of the authentic voices of our time, majestic, noble, and enduring. The classically chiselled verse of William Watson expresses in haunting phrases the serious quest of a masterly mind. His subjects have been well worth while; his treatment has been always sincere; his workmanship is that of an artist. No poet living has put more thought into so small a compass with the charm that is vital in poetry.

Well would it be for England, well would it be for poetry, if the rising generation could harvest sheaves worthy to stand by the great legacy bequeathed to us by this master still in our midst.

The C.N. hopes that many of its readers will spare a mite for this national tribute to our greatest living poet, who has stirred the love of England in a myriad hearts and has adorned the noblest literature the world contains.

Any help, however small, will be gladly received for the Sir William Watson Fund at any Midland Bank.

80 YEARS AGO

The World Moves On

A remarkable fact which shows how fast the world has moved forward in a lifetime was recalled in a speech the other day.

Eighty years ago anyone living in America to the west of the Mississippi was not accepted for life insurance except on terms almost prohibitive.

Today there are over thirty million people living in the States to the west of this great river, which only 80 years ago seemed to those in Europe to be almost beyond the bounds of civilisation.

Continued from the previous column

Major C. C. Turner, who declares in the Daily Telegraph that the following points should be insisted on:

1. Pilots must never forget that in the most foolproof machine incessant alertness is essential.
2. Pilots should not go up if at all indisposed.
3. The blunting of the perceptions and slowing down of the faculties by the slightest excess of alcohol reduces the pilot's reliability by 50 per cent.
4. There should be no "showing-off."

In a word, now that aeroplanes are so foolproof it is character and judgment that count more than skill.

AN EXTRA YEAR AT SCHOOL

RAISING THE AGE TO 15

"A Charter of Opportunity
for the Average Child"

PASSING THE GOVERNMENT BILL

The Government has carried the Second Reading of its new Education Bill, the most important measure before Parliament, and it is expected that it will be passed by the end of the year.

Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Minister of Education, showed that the raising of the school age to 15 is part of the general policy of reorganising school life. The Bill includes the paying of grants to parents as compensation for the loss of wages.

A Productive Investment

Nearly all the local authorities, said Sir Charles Trevelyan, have already sent in their programmes, and over seven million pounds is being spent on 1000 new schools or enlargements of old schools, so as to provide accommodation for the extra numbers. About 300,000 children will be kept off the labour market, thus relieving unemployment, and the extra cost of education and maintenance grants will be well worth while, as it will be productive, repaying the nation in improved ability and intelligence. Sir Charles Trevelyan called this measure the Charter of the Average Child, a great offer to the rising generation that older men must not refuse.

Lord Eustace Percy criticised the measure by pointing out that the increase of the school age would disturb industry, and Sir Hilton Young objected to the big expenditure of money at present, though he agreed that as a long-term investment the Bill is a good one. Industrial prosperity was coming, he said, and we should wait till it came.

On the other hand, it would seem to most people, we think, that if we cannot afford eight millions to give a new chance of life to our children, another year of opportunity, we should turn to our armament bills and take the money from the millions we waste on war.

THE UNIVERSE ACCORDING TO JEANS

Time Past and Time to Come

We take these interesting things from Professor Jeans, one of the wisest of our astronomers.

The Sun is about a million times as big as the Earth.

Some of the stars are millions of times bigger than the Sun.

The total number of stars is about equal to the drops of rain that fall on London on a rainy day.

The Universe is expanding; it will take us longer to go round it in a few million years than it would take now.

We may compare the Universe to a soap bubble which is still being blown.

The Sun is melting away at the rate of four million tons a second, losing its substance at 10,000 times the rate at which water flows under Westminster Bridge.

What the human race has achieved is nothing compared with what it can achieve in the 2000 million years before it.

A motor-cyclist near Cork has reached a record speed of over 150 miles an hour.

In the municipal elections at Liverpool three furniture vans were used as polling booths.

About a thousand Roman coins have been found buried in a meadow outside Poole in Dorset.

The Cabinet has approved a Bill prohibiting the export of historic monuments and buildings.

POOR JOHN DANIEL

A Bust at South
Kensington

THE FRIENDLY GORILLA AND HIS FATE

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington has accepted the bust of a famous gorilla, John Daniel the First.

John Daniel, who is familiar to C.N. readers, had a tragic tale. He appeared to love his mistress, and for a time was happy in captivity. She used to take him to the Zoo every day in a cab and fetch him home at nightfall. Londoners delighted in his antics, and he made appearances on the stage.

Then came a tempting offer from the owner of an American circus. John Daniel was sent across the sea. The faithful creature pined and refused to eat. When his constitution was thus weakened he caught pneumonia and died. His former owner made a special journey to nurse him, but was too late.

Wild Creatures as Pets

Poor John Daniel's body was presented to the American Museum of Natural History, where casts were made from it, and the bust just presented to South Kensington is a copy of one of them.

John Daniel died in 1921. Everyone felt sorry for him. But he is not the only wild thing that has been tamed, and then for some reason or another sent to break his heart away from the human being he has learned to regard as his own particular god. It is to be hoped that fewer and fewer people will take wild things from the wild life which is best for them. Few men or women can be certain that they will be able to keep their lion cub, or their baby gorilla, for ever, and it is better not to teach the poor beast to love one who will surely be compelled to desert it.

COST OF R 101

£4000 a Year in Pensions

The Government has issued a list of the gratuities and pensions to be given to the relatives of those who perished in the R 101. The sums granted at once amount to over £10,000 and the pensions and allowances total over £4000 a year.

THINGS SAID

Service is my recipe for happiness.
General Higgins

There is no heart-beat in a Government department.
Lord Knutsford

Private cars have become a public nuisance.
Mr Bertrand Russell

No position is shut to those who say "I can if I will."
Mr R. C. Sherriff

A boy who learns to be a good loser has a really good start in life.
Prince George

The world seems so amusing everywhere that it is hardly worth while to travel.
Mr Chesterton

The man who can see a message of despair in the Universe must be a pessimist.
Sir J. H. Jeans

During the year I have made a thousand speeches.
Sir William Waterlow on his retirement

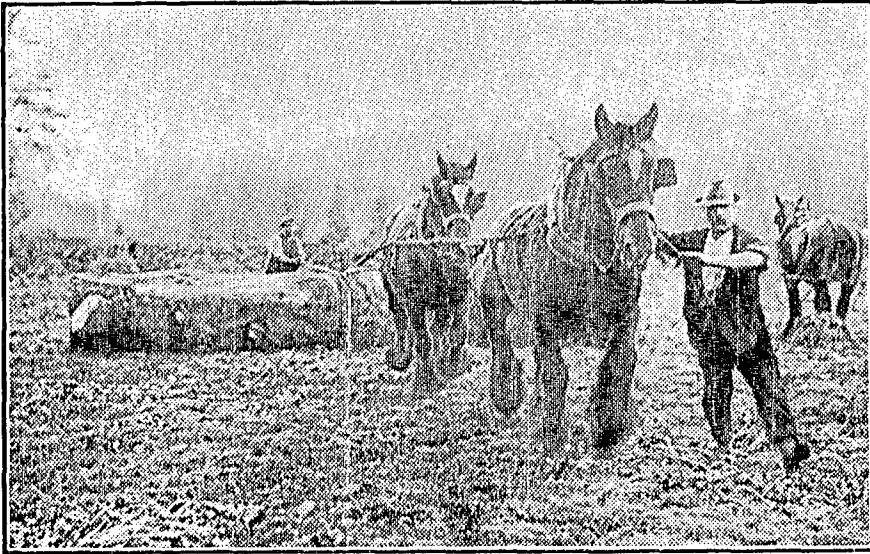
The ideals which fill me with the joy of living are goodness, beauty, and truth.
Professor Einstein

The human race has the faults of children, and must outgrow them.
Sir Oliver Lodge

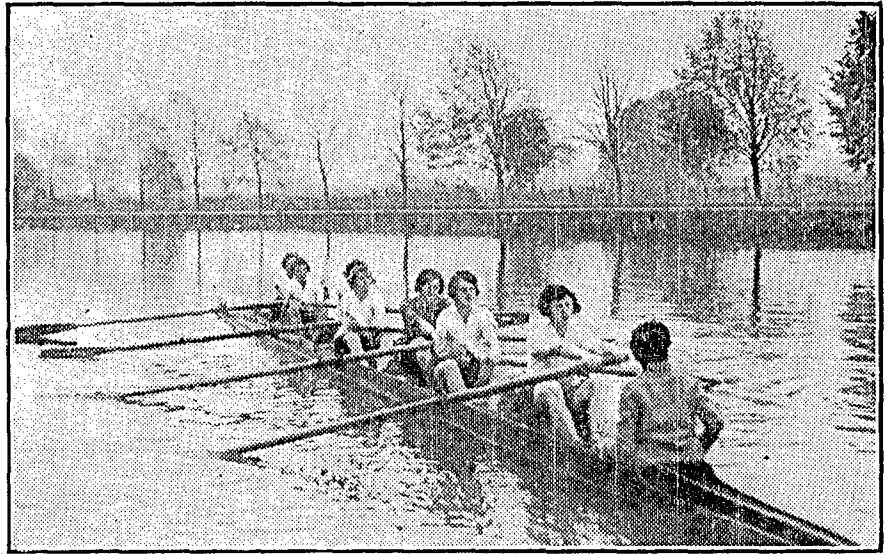
I'm tired of being a little lamb; can't I be a little tiger tonight?
A little boy quoted by the Archbishop of York

Whatever may be wrong with England, the character of her people shines out in these days of trial.
Lord Wakefield

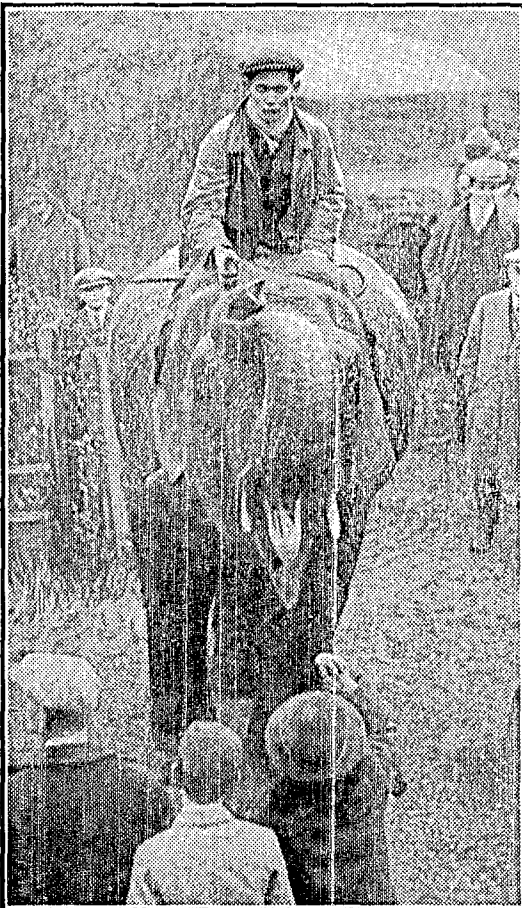
ELEPHANT FOR SALE • CRICKET IN A SWIMMING BATH • ROWING GIRLS



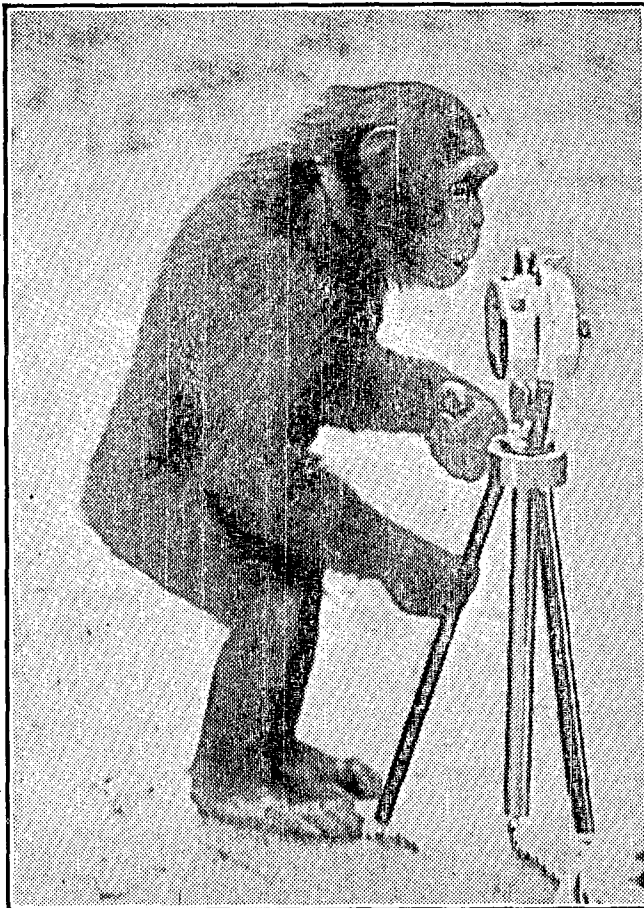
Gale Havoc—Here we see a great tree trunk being hauled away on the estate of Lord Wraxall, near Bristol, where more than 300 trees have been blown down or badly damaged this year.



Early Morning Practice—Some of the girl undergraduates of Oxford are so keen on rowing that they practise in the early morning. This picture shows one of the crews setting off.



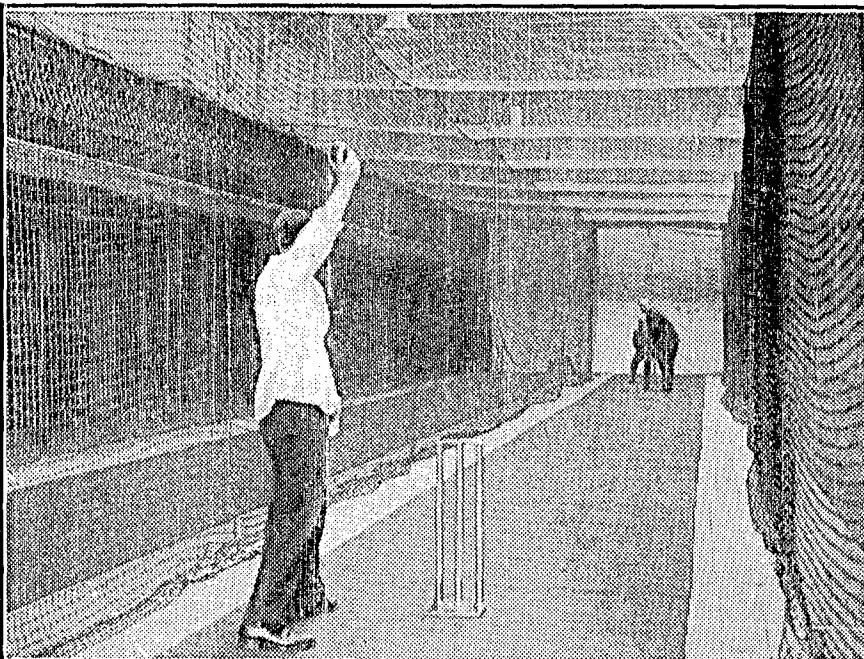
Elephant For Sale—A sale of circus animals took place recently at a farm near York. An elephant is here being paraded before possible buyers.



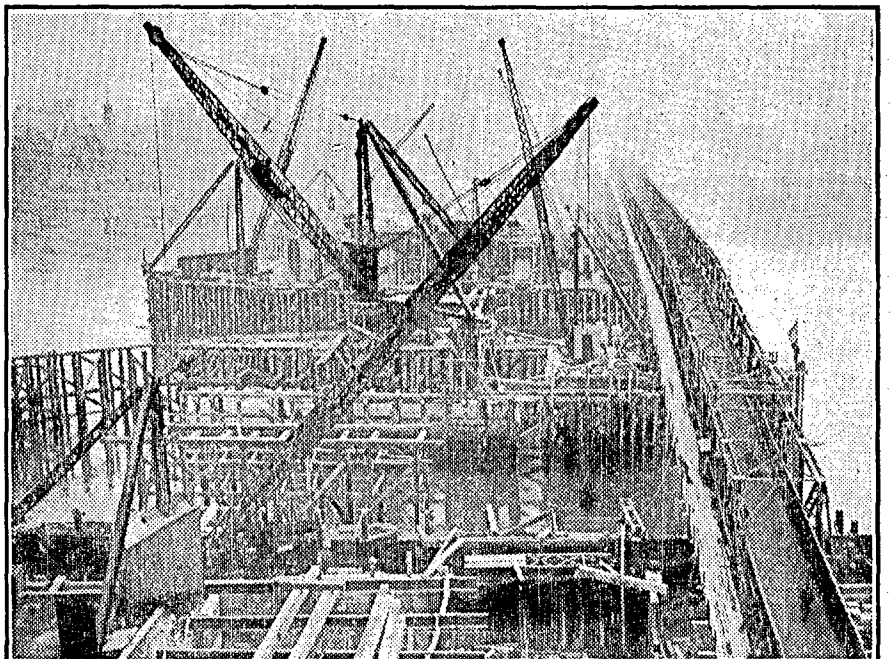
Jacko Calling—Seeing a microphone for the first time, the ape decided to have a trial broadcast. His knowledge of wireless is very small, however, and his message did not go out to the world.



Cathedral Repairs—The pinnacles of Bristol Cathedral have begun to crumble after 600 years. Here is one of the workmen who are now busy preserving them.



Winter Cricket—At Battersea the authorities have covered over one of the local swimming baths and have laid down matting for indoor cricket pitches. There are in all four pitches, each netted off from its neighbour. Play is seen here in progress on one of them.



Network of Cranes—This picture of a network of cranes gives a splendid idea of the vast amount of work involved in building a modern bridge. It shows the new bridge being built across the Thames at Lambeth. On the right is a temporary footbridge.

A STUART KING'S SLAVES

**FATE OF 450 PEOPLE
Cry of a Church on Sedgemoor
to Their Descendants
AMERICA'S CHANCE**

"Was one of your ancestors an English slave?" is the question the Vicar of Weston-Zoyland in Somerset is asking certain important citizens in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Boston.

He wants to trace 450 people who were shipped to America to be sold as slaves at the order of James the Second.

England had grown restive under this king's tyranny, and when the Duke of Monmouth bade men follow his standard because he was a Protestant prince hundreds of farm labourers and miners flocked to him. Small wonder this ill-equipped, untrained army was beaten in the Battle of Sedgemoor, the last battle fought on English soil. Five hundred poor prisoners were locked in the village church of Weston-Zoyland, and left there for a whole day to suffer from their wounds. Some died of their injuries, and 20 were forced up to the church tower and hanged. The rest were chained together and marched to the nearest port, whence they were sent to America to be sold as slaves.

A Proud Thing to Say

Wretched were their sufferings on that long voyage, and hard the lot that awaited them, but many left children who prospered because of the sturdy spirit they inherited from the Sedgemoor slaves.

Today the beautiful but tragic old church of Weston-Zoyland is in urgent need of restoration, and the people who live near cannot find enough money to pay for it all, so the vicar is seeking out the men whose forefathers were imprisoned there, in the hope that they will help.

It is a proud thing to say "I am descended from a Sedgemoor slave, from a labourer who faced professional soldiers, from a poor man who defied the tyranny of the Stuarts."

ESTONIA GIVES THANKS

By Our League Correspondent

Permit me to express our gratitude for all the assistance and expert advice given to my country by the League of Nations through its organs and experts.

These words from the Estonian delegate to the League were good to hear, for the League gets a lot of blame, both for the things it has done and for events with which it has had actually nothing to do.

The Estonian delegate explained some of the difficulties his country has had to overcome.

When it started its life as an independent State it had no money. Its treasury was empty, and it had to wage a prolonged war, after the general Peace had been declared, to defend its frontiers. Later a poor harvest caused certain financial difficulties which showed that the banking system was not adequate to meet emergencies, and it was then that the Government appealed to the League for advice.

The Financial Committee promptly recommended certain reforms and arranged a loan. An adviser was appointed to the Estonian Central Bank for three years to supervise these reforms and to give all necessary help. These three years have now come to an end, and Estonia no longer needs outside aid.

It adds one more to the countries which now have a very firm belief in the value of the League.

THE TROUT AND THE TREES

**How All Things Are
Linked Together**

**A NATURE NOTE FROM
NEW ZEALAND**

The primeval forests that covered a great deal of New Zealand until a few years ago have nearly all passed away before the axe and fire of the settler anxious to make the forest land into pasture land for sheep and cattle.

Even the trout of the rivers are affected by the march of settlement into the hills where the streams begin. A professor has just told a meeting of anglers that the decrease in the size and number of trout was due to the advance of civilisation.

Since the trout were brought to New Zealand and set free in the rivers the bush at the head of the rivers has been cut or burned down, and the beds of many rivers have been narrowed and straightened. This causes the water to rush to sea with much greater speed than when the country was in a less civilised state.

Life in the beds of the streams where the trout live has changed too, because stones are now being rolled down farther and faster, with the result that the shelter for the fish and their food has been greatly altered.

The professor thinks the trout, being an adaptable fish, has gone out to sea, and that that is why there are fewer trout in some New Zealand streams than there used to be.

THE HEAVY-OIL ENGINE COMES TO TOWN

**London's New Buses That May
Reduce Fares**

Will London's buses run without the aid of petrol before many years have gone?

The motor which burns heavy oil instead of petrol has been tried successfully on land, at sea, and in the air, and for some time past the company which builds most of London's buses has been conducting its own experiments with a high-speed engine of this type. Six large buses have been equipped with this new motor and are being tested in actual traffic conditions in London. One of these buses, a 70-seat double-decker, has travelled with ease at 45 miles an hour on an open stretch of road leading out of London.

If the experiments prove successful, and the London General Omnibus Company decides to equip its wonderful fleet of buses with this type of engine, it will mean an enormous economy in its fuel bill, for it is said that the cost of oil for a thousand-mile journey is only £1 15s against £10 for petrol.

Such a big difference as this can only lead to cheaper fares.

FOUNDER OF CHICAGO

Chicago has an unenviable place in the news on account of its crime. But it has a better side, and we are reminded of it by the decision to raise a monument to the French Jesuit missionary who is regarded as the founder of the city.

The missionary, Jacques Marquette, was an explorer as well. He shares with Louis Joliet the honour of the rediscovery in 1673 of the Mississippi. He fell a victim to the winter of 1675 while planting a mission among the Illinois Indians and died when only 38.

Marquette's name is a familiar place-name in America, and Paris has a street named after him; but, while his work and his Journal occupy a permanent place in the records of exploration, his native Laon seems to have forgotten him.

OLD ENGLAND GOES MARCHING ON

**Leading in the Electric
World**

OVER THE TARIFF WALL

We are told that England is easily beating the world in the electrical business.

A manufacturer declared the other day that we are five years ahead of our competitors in technical development and that the value of our electrical goods is far higher than those produced by any other country.

Our electrical industries are employing 250,000 workers, and are all working at full pressure. In September our exports of electrical goods were our only manufactures showing an increase; by the end of the year Britain will be the chief exporting country of these goods.

The reason for this is the energy our manufacturers have displayed in adopting new ideas. Perhaps there is something in the business that electrifies those concerned in it. Our salesmanship, too, has been most successful, our goods mounting tariff walls with ease and beating American rivals on their own ground and in spite of their tariffs.

In some kinds of gear we are winning a world monopoly, and in heavy machinery we have a larger share in world business than ever before in the history of the trade.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in this romantic story is that, while Germany has nearly halved her wage costs, we have not found it necessary to reduce them, having saved our costs by increasing our efficiency.

WAR PUT BEHIND US Taking Its Place With the Witches

The other day it was the Prince of Wales who said the British Commonwealth had put war on the scrap-heap. Now it is Lord Grey of Fallodon, Lord Cecil, and Sir Gilbert Murray who remind us that we have put it among the witches. This is from the Message they sent to the schools for Peace Day.

For countless generations people have looked on war as a normal, legitimate, and even honourable part of a nation's activity. Now the nation has agreed to renounce war and, as far as possible to prevent war in any part of the world. It has agreed in all its disputes with other nations not to use its superior strength but willingly to submit to justice.

The statesmen who meet at the League of Nations, who know and trust one another and have the Covenant before their eyes, understand this. But in every country there are multitudes of people who know nothing about the Covenant, do not realise that their country is bound by it, and do not see why they should be just to foreigners.

They do not yet understand that the civilised world has put war behind it, like the torture of witnesses, the burning of witches, gladiatorial shows, and other savage things.

The people who do not understand are always a danger, in every nation. We want you to be among those who do understand: who see that the world has changed, that civilised nations can prosper only by helping one another, and who mean their country to keep in letter and spirit the solemn Covenant that she has signed.

INSECT MINES

Some time ago the C.N. told of the discovery of a number of metals in certain mushrooms, and today we read of quite surprising quantities of the metal manganese being found in insects, especially in ants and mole-crickets.

Manganese is a curious metal used by the ancient Egyptians and Romans for bleaching glass, and it is known to occur in certain plants and animals.

LAUGHING AT THE INSURANCE COMPANY

**How Mr Underhill Did It
NEVER DESPAIR**

It is 73 years since a young man wrote to an insurance company that he was going to get married and wished to insure his life; but neither that company nor any other would accept him.

He has just died in his 98th year. He was Mr James Edward Underhill, and was probably the oldest solicitor on the rolls, having been admitted 76 years ago. Affectionately known in Staffordshire as Wolverhampton's Grand Old Man, he liked to remember that his family had lived in the county since the fifteenth century, and that Dame Underhill helped Charles the Second into the Boscobel Oak.

Charitable and Cheerful

He is remembered for many charitable works, and for his services as Clerk to the Justices and Law Clerk to the South Staffordshire Mines Drainage Commissioners; but perhaps he is chiefly to be remembered for his cheerful defiance of the insurance companies.

Instead of taking great care of himself and brooding over his "sad family history" he worked and played hard, became well known as a swimmer, was about the first person to ride a bicycle in Wolverhampton, and went on cycling till he was over 80.

That is the way to meet what may be called a death sentence. If Mr Underhill had brooded over the replies of the insurance companies he would never have lived to his 98th year. Perhaps there are some C.N. readers who have a "sad family history" too; let them remember Mr Underhill and take heart.

SUCH IS FAME

A Hero to His Mother

His mother is proud of Oscar Garden, the young Scottish airman who flew from Croydon to Australia in 20 days. Hardly anyone else took any notice of his feat.

She watched over his progress with prayerful anxiety. She trembled when her heart told her he was flying on his last lap over the Timor Sea. But when he landed down at Wyndham in Western Australia there was no one to congratulate him. His plane was mistaken for the mail!

Such are the tricks of Fame. This young Scotsman, who arrived in London from New Zealand four months ago to learn to fly, equalled the record of Miss Amy Johnson, but no one has handed him a single bouquet.

He walked into Selfridge's one day, bought a second-hand Gipsy Moth machine, and set out for the other end of the world as lightly as if he had been about to cross the road at Piccadilly Circus. On the journey he made five forced landings; and at Bima in the Dutch East Indies he found, before starting out on his last twelve hours' flight over the sea, that he had unwittingly camped out with a head-hunter!

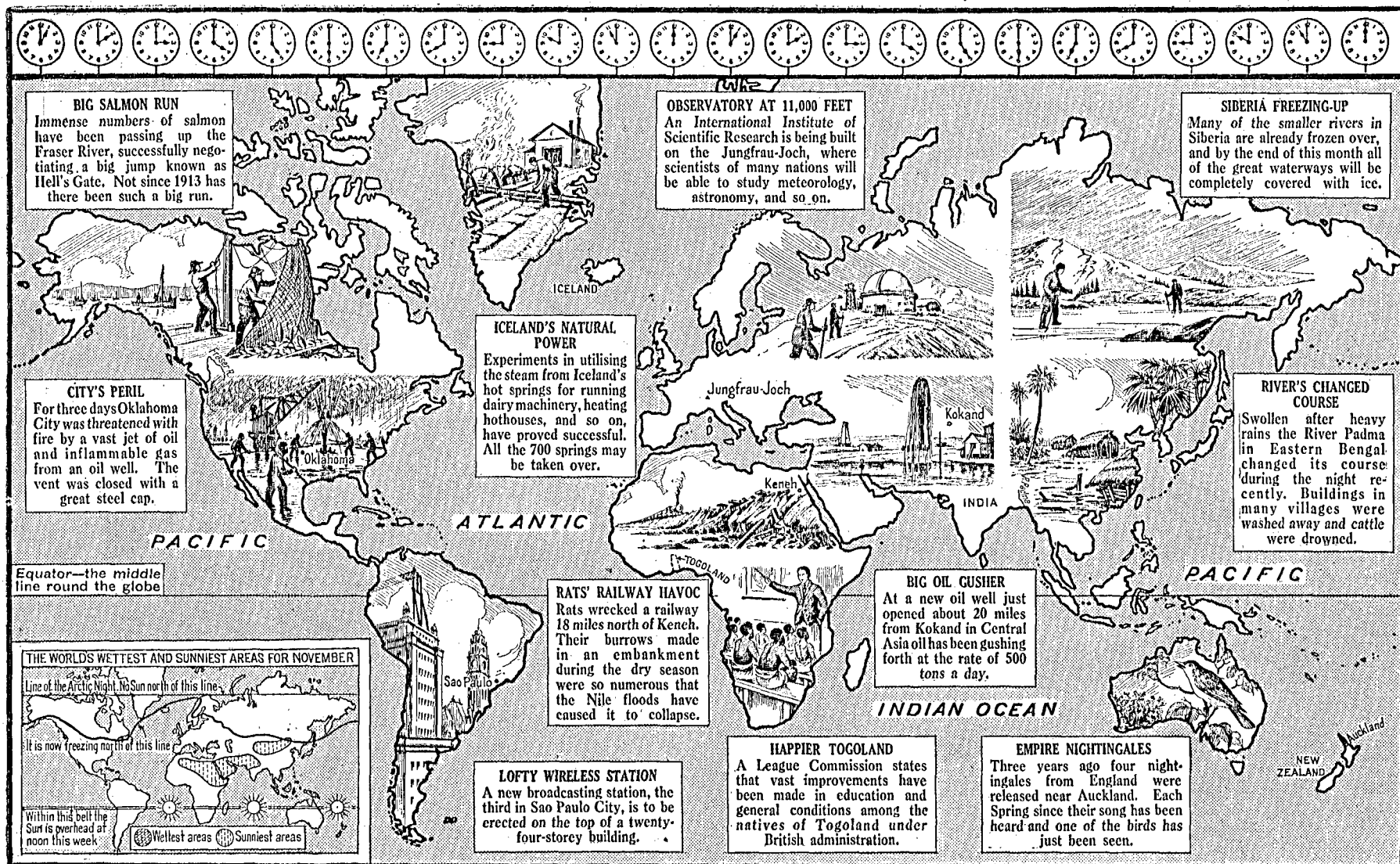
His head is happily still where it was. It has not been turned by any adulation on account of his feat. But we may be sure that he is a happy man, and one of the world's heroes to one person at least, his mother.

WHAT EVERY ARCHITECT SHOULD REMEMBER

Every architect should remember that streets and roadways are our common property, and he should respect their human amenities, and not erect a building resembling the Mappin Terraces suitable for tigers at the Zoo, or something so ultra-modern that it quarrels violently with its quiet and elderly neighbours.

Sir Banister Fletcher

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE LIFE DESTROYED ON OUR ROADS Half a Million Years

There are about two million persons licensed to drive motor-vehicles and it is distressing to learn that as many as one in ten have to be prosecuted in a year.

Last year there were actually 215,582 prosecutions and 188,803 convictions.

The fines amounted to £201,315. This may seem a good deal of money, but we may also observe that the average fine was barely more than a sovereign. Surely it is just because the fines are so small that the offences go on. Would it not be worth while to make most of the fines ten times as much?

Even the 215,582 prosecutions do not reveal the actual number of offences against the law, for in addition it is recorded that 75,000 offenders were cautioned without prosecution. In addition, as anyone can see by observing the roads, an enormous number of offenders are not even cautioned.

In every working hour of the day one person is killed on our roads; our daily average is 18 killed and 500 injured. It has been estimated that the fatal accidents last year destroyed half a million years of the normal expectation of life and that more die in this way than from diphtheria or measles.

Another terrible fact is that the percentage rate of accidents during the last ten years has increased at the same rate as the increase in the number of motor-vehicles. In London during the first three months of this year the increase in the number killed was 26 per cent.

The matter grows more and more serious, and we have now to see what will be the result of removing the speed limit. On this point the experience in Northern Ireland, where the speed limit has been abolished for four years, is happily satisfactory, the severe penalties for dangerous driving having reduced the number of accidents considerably.

WHAT A POUND OF HONEY MEANS Remarkable Journey of the Bees

The doings of bees have lately been investigated by the United States Department of Agriculture, which has discovered some remarkable facts.

Among other experiments it placed hives in Wyoming eight miles away from the nearest plants with nectaries, which happened to be the species of clover called alfalfa. The bees at once discovered where the fields of alfalfa were, and daily flew eight miles there to get the nectar. Each bee flew sixteen miles a day to procure its drop of nectar, and it was calculated that all the bees together covered a distance equal to ten times round the world to collect one pound of honey. Little wonder that we talk of the busy bee!

THE CELLULOID TERROR

The long list of tragedies arising from celluloid films lengthens week by week.

Now it is at Bangkok in Siam that eight women and seven children have lost their lives on the top floor of a house in which celluloid films were stored below.

These dangerous films, which are shown in nearly all our cinemas because they are cheaper than Safety Films, are a source of constant peril. We understand that it is now possible to obtain Safety Film at practically the same cost as the inflammable celluloid film, and every day there is less excuse for the callous disregard of safety in our cinemas.

Readers who are interested in the matter can have full information about the cost of Safety Film from the International Safety Film Company, Golden Square, London, W.1.

K.C.B.

To keep the beauty of the land free from all ugly things,
Come lend a kindly hand and know the joy it brings.

Council notice in Rayleigh, Essex

LOOKING AHEAD Panama in the Year 2060

The traffic problem gets worse and worse. It has even begun to affect the Panama Canal.

The Governor of the Canal zone has estimated that the waterway will be too small for the volume of shipping by 1960, so steps are being taken to make it adequate up to the year 2060.

The United States Congress has authorised the building of a great dam across the Chagres River, which will provide a reserve of water for the Canal to draw upon about 1940. A third set of locks, parallel with the present ones and much bigger, will cost about £20,000,000. The plans are already drawn for this third set of locks, and it is calculated that the Canal will then be able to deal with 100 million tons of shipping a year.

A FLAG GOES HOME

The members of the fire brigade of the little village of Moyenneville, near Arras, is rejoicing.

During the war a German invader took away their flag as a souvenir. When he died one of his friends, who knew its origin, bought it at the sale of his goods at Hamburg and wrote to the Mayor of Moyenneville offering to return it.

The flag was returned through diplomatic channels, and anyone who has seen the French pompiers marching in a civic procession will realise how proud they now are.

A SPLENDID WORK GOING ON

A splendid piece of work has been done by the Great Western Railway.

During the last ten years more than a million trees have been planted on land adjoining their tracks. This land amounts to about 27,000 acres, and is either waste land unsuitable for farming or woodland ruthlessly cut during the war.

LOST CITY SEEN AGAIN Under the Black Sea OLD STRABO

Lost beneath the waters of the Black Sea near Sebastopol is a city which, after nearly 2000 years, Russian divers have found again. Its name is Chersones.

It was so ancient a Greek city that only one man has told us what it was like. This was Strabo, the Greek geographer who left to us the most important work in geography that those past ages have bequeathed to us, but who did not himself see half the ancient world that he described.

Though he compiled much of his geography from the accounts of other men, he probably did see Chersones in the century before Christ was born. It had a forum, and ancient Greek walls which were in his day 300 years old.

It sank out of sight in the sea after Strabo had passed away, but when it went, and how, no one has told us. It may have vanished through the slow encroachment of the Black Sea. The divers have now found its forum and its paved square and streets less than 100 yards from shore and some 60 feet below the water.

In that way disappeared Dunwich, our own town on the coast of East Anglia. But the remains of Chersones as recorded by the divers of the Moscow Archaeological Expedition seem to point to its sudden submersion by waters rolling in after an earthquake.

Whatever the cause of its disappearance it is strange that Russian divers in the 20th century should look on a city that no one had seen since the fall of the Roman Empire.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . . . 115 hrs.	Liverpool . . . 3'97 ins.
Rainfall . . . 1'1 ins.	Aberdeen . . . 3'03 ins.
Dry days . . . 16	Dublin . . . 3'26 ins.
Days with rain . . . 15	Tynemouth . . . 1'88 ins.
Warmest day . . . 17th	Gorleston . . . 1'02 ins.
Coldest day . . . 27th	Southampton . . . 0'94 ins.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 22 1930

Seven Men Die to Make a Show

A NEW American film has come to London. It is said to have cost £800,000 to make, and some of the critics say it will be the rage of London. Indeed it seems true that as a spectacle it is very fine.

It is regrettable, however, to read that the making of the film cost several lives. The story goes that seven lives were lost because the film has to do with flying, and flying-men took terrible risks to make the pictures sensational.

It seems to us astonishing that this sacrifice of life for amusement should be tolerated. English writers have surpassed themselves in denouncing the gladiatorial contests of ancient Rome and the bullfights of modern Spain. We should like to know what difference there is between a matador fighting a bull in Spain and a flying-man risking his life to make a film to thrill a kinema audience.

For ourselves we can see no difference; and, just as we deplore bullfights, we deplore the manufacture of films in which lives are thrown away to thrill people for a few minutes.

We are again and again appalled by this disregard of the value of human life. At one time the country goes into mourning because a number of men are sacrificed in an airship; yet almost every day an officer of the Royal Air Force is killed and no one takes much notice.

It may be urged that when death comes in the course of public duty something is done which duty demands, although all such cases should be scrutinised with the utmost severity; for the right to demand the death penalty is a doubtful one at the best. When it comes to the sphere of amusement, however, we have not the slightest doubt as to what should be the opinion of every just man. *It is altogether shameful that lives should be offered up to make a holiday.*

What to us adds a peculiar horror to this sacrifice of lives to make a film is this. Adventure films are made up partly of real feats of daring and partly of tricks. The picture-goer does not know whether he is looking at a real feat of daring or is witnessing a faked adventure. Thus lives are thrown away for nothing. There is a film of a man apparently climbing up the face of a skyscraper when actually he is doing nothing of the sort, yet the film makes us hold our breath as much as if he had actually risked his life.

Lives must be held cheap when we are shown a real risk which cannot be distinguished from a sham one.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



All Quiet on the Berkshire Downs

ON the Berkshire Downs the ancient peace still dwells and will remain. The Air Ministry has decided not to disturb it with bombs.

That nefarious project has been blown sky high. The Air Ministry may seek some less lovely place on which to let fall the smoke-bombs of its flying bombers at practice, but the White Horse of the Vale will preside over the ancient surroundings without desecration.

We are glad to hear the end of all this; and we hope we shall have no more silly suggestions from Johnny With His Head in the Air.

The Clown is Fed Up

GROCK the clown is going to clown no more. After 38 years of making people laugh he is retiring because he is fed up.

That homely expression is his own, and he borrows it from our English slang because he says he knows no better way of saying what he feels. He has had as much as he can bear of the hard work of being funny.

Anyone among the millions who have seen Grock in England, in France, in Germany, and Spain must have thought this cosmopolitan clown was funny without trying.

But no; Grock says it was never so simple as that. He might have the gift of fun, a genius for laughter-making, but he had always to keep his talent bright, and it was hard work.

Without doubt he is right. Hard work is at the back of every success, and Grock the laughing philosopher teaches us a lesson that is as old as laughter itself.

Do It

THERE is a moral for everyone in the tale of an unemployed cripple at Trimdon who, having nothing to do for himself, did something for others. He filled in a pond.

Leading from Trimdon Colliery to Trimdon Station is a footpath over private land which is, nevertheless, under the care of the parish council. The council raised the footpath. In consequence heavy rains formed a permanent pond by the wayside.

Children waded in it. The pond grew muddier and muddier and smelled more and more. But everybody's business is nobody's and the pond remained.

Mr Robert Hurworth is a nobody in one way but not in another. He became a somebody by labouring at the pond every day for three months till he had filled it in.

If every idle man would do the thing that lies at his door crying to be done what a better world it would be!

O for a man to arise in me,
That the man that I am
May cease to be.

Tennyson

The Spirit That Goes On

IN two years he will have a Shamrock ready that will make the Americans sit up, says Sir Thomas Lipton, aged 80.

He may lose the America race, but by a remark like that this fine old man wins the love of the human race.

Another Injustice to Boys

IT seems that the choir boys of an Oxford church are given story-books to read during the sermon.

Is it that the sermon is too dull or that the boys are too dense?

We confess that we do not appreciate this slight on our English boys. The choir boy as we have known him has not been a gramophone record turned on to sing for his fee, but a healthy little fellow glad to take his part in a joyous service. If the sermon is too dull for him is it not too dull for the rest of the congregation?

Tip-Cat

AS we understand the doctors we can live much longer if we give up everything that makes us want to.

MONEY makes fools of great people, we are told. It has been known to make great people of fools.

To a correspondent: If Sir Thomas Lipton has lost the cup he still has the tea.

A JEWELLER suggests that every man should carry two watches. But then we should never be sure of the time.



rubber, but more durable. Peter Puck suggests that it is a Welsh rabbit.

BABIES always call their mothers by the shortest name. They haven't known them long.

IN parts of Hungary farm labourers are paid in potatoes. We wonder if they ever get the sack.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SOMEONE unknown has sent £3000 for lighting the Bodleian Library.

IN five years the Science Museum has doubled its visitors.

LORD BROTHERTON'S will gives £20,000 each to the cities of Wakefield, Leeds, and Birmingham for charity.

JUST AN IDEA

The best men die for a cause, and leave the rest to see it through, or to throw it away.

What Did Dr Watts Mean?

THE C.N. has received several letters concerning its suggestion that in our memorial service the following verse should be left out of Dr Watts's famous hymn.

*Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.*

"Tut, tut, Mr Editor," writes one good reader from a manse at Henley, "where is your wonted perspicacity?" Our perspicacity is supposed to have been asleep in not seeing what Dr Watts meant by the sons of Time.

We must confess that we have always imagined that by the sons of Time Dr Watts meant what we should mean if we used the phrase. For poetically Time has given birth to us all.

Unless Dr Watts meant the lives of men his lines seem to us trivial, and unworthy of the dignity of this famous hymn. If he did mean the lives of men then the point he makes is false, because great memories live for thousands of years, and we do not forget our dead like dreams.

This is a point that must have struck many people in singing O God, Our Help in Ages Past; but what our correspondents suggest in their letters is that Dr Watts, when he spoke of the sons of Time, was not thinking of the lives of men but of hours and days and years.

We gladly give the point of view of our correspondents as a matter of curious interest; but it seems to us to make the hymn much poorer as a poem, and we cannot make up our mind that Dr Watts was thinking in this way. Perhaps once more in the history of poetry the poet sacrificed reality for effect. Dr Watts was forgetting himself for a moment when he wrote forgotten.

Ideas of Norman Angell

The Money Question

WE could not live a day in our modern civilisation without employing, or having others employ for us, the device of money—coins, bank-notes, cheques, credit. As voters men have to decide money policies, things connected with the gold standard, inflation, deflation, payment of foreign debts, and we have seen those policies sometimes decided so badly that money became worthless and millions of well-to-do people were reduced to starvation.

So, plainly, it is important to know something of a matter which will concern us every day of our lives, unwise action about which may ruin millions. It is rather strange, therefore, that at school, where we have to learn so many weird things, we usually learn nothing at all about this subject of money—what it is, how it is made, what happens when we increase or decrease it. Can we be educated if we are ignorant of the machinery of daily life, the processes by which it is carried on?

N.A.

POOR BOB OF THE ZOO

TRAGIC ROMANCE AT REGENT'S PARK

An Old Friend Who Will Be Very Much Missed

THE RECONCILIATION THAT BROKE DOWN

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A tragic romance lies behind the death the other day of the immense creature called Bob at the Zoo, the popular hippopotamus.

Born in the menagerie at Amsterdam in 1917 Bob was sent to the Zoo when two years old, and for a short time he was the only common hippo in the Gardens. Then the Zoo bought a young female, Joan, and it was arranged that the two hippos should be introduced when the newcomer had become quite used to her quarters.

In due course the wedding took place, but it was regarded as a risky experiment, and the keepers were nervous when they placed Bob and Joan in the same den, for the bride was much smaller and weaker than Bob, and had he taken a dislike to her she would have come to an untimely end.

A Chase Round the Pond

Happily, however, all went well. Joan decided that she was going to manage Bob and, assuming an aggressive air which completely subdued her bridegroom, she chased him round the pond till he collapsed in a state of exhaustion.

After that the pair lived together so happily that their marriage was regarded as one of the Zoo's greatest romances. Bob was devoted to his wife, and they never had a quarrel until Joan gave birth to the first baby hippo to be born in the menagerie for a period of fifty years; and Joan and Bob had to be separated while Joan occupied herself with the important business of rearing the offspring.

The Parting

But, alas, when Joan had brought up her baby and returned to Bob she was no longer tolerant toward her mate. She bullied him continually, and as he never retaliated she grew more and more shrewish; finally she attacked him so viciously that they had to be parted. For months they lived apart and then Joan began to make friendly overtures through the partition, so the keeper decided to reunite them.

The reconciliation lasted for several months, but poor Bob, though still devoted to Joan, was afraid of her, and shivered with fear if ever she seemed irritable. Yet he remained too soft-hearted to teach her the lesson she richly deserved when she again began to grow quarrelsome, and there came a day when Joan thoroughly disgraced herself.

A Refusal to Fight

She attacked Bob, and, though he refused to fight her, she injured him so severely that the keeper had to intervene and banish her from the den. For weeks Bob was ill; he grew lethargic, and though he ate his food he appeared to be fretting; and one afternoon he was found dead.

In spite of his domestic troubles Bob was always friendly to visitors. He weighed over four tons, and was said to be the largest hippo ever seen at the Zoo, yet his manners were so gentle that anyone could enter his den and sit on his broad back.

Though not remarkable for intelligence, this great hippo proved himself to be a most lovable fellow, and every member of his large circle of human friends will grieve over his death.

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT READ

A MAN who can read is dangerous. He may pull a kingdom down.

A man who cannot read is dangerous too. A kingdom may be pulled down about his ears before he knows what is happening.

Something which occurred in France is like a fable of the untaught who are blind to understanding. A workman who had grown grey as a mechanic in a motor-car firm gave every satisfaction till one fatal day when the electric hoist got out of order.

A notice was printed by its gate forbidding its use till further notice. There was danger of death.

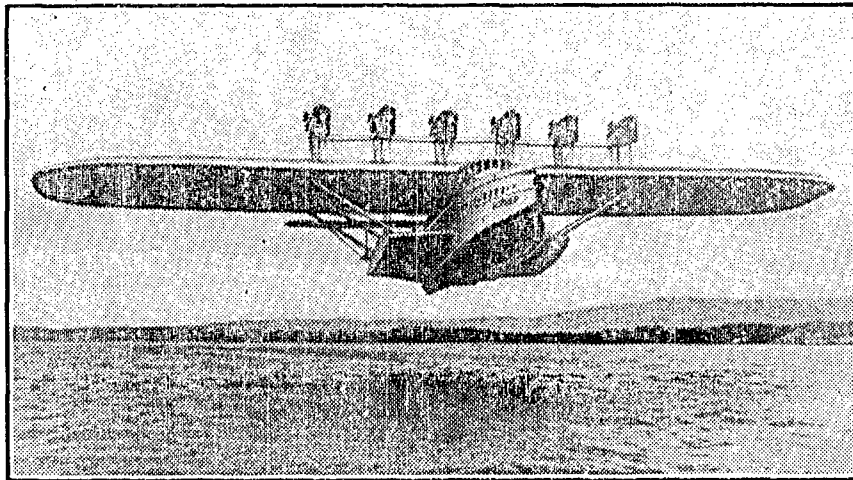
The old workman came to the hoist as he had so often done before and surveyed the notice without under-

standing or curiosity. It meant nothing to him; for he could not read. He pressed the lift-button as usual, and down crashed the lift. Happily no one was hurt; the only damage done was to the hoist and to the workman, who was dismissed as a public menace. At an age when he is a grandfather he has to go to school to learn his letters.

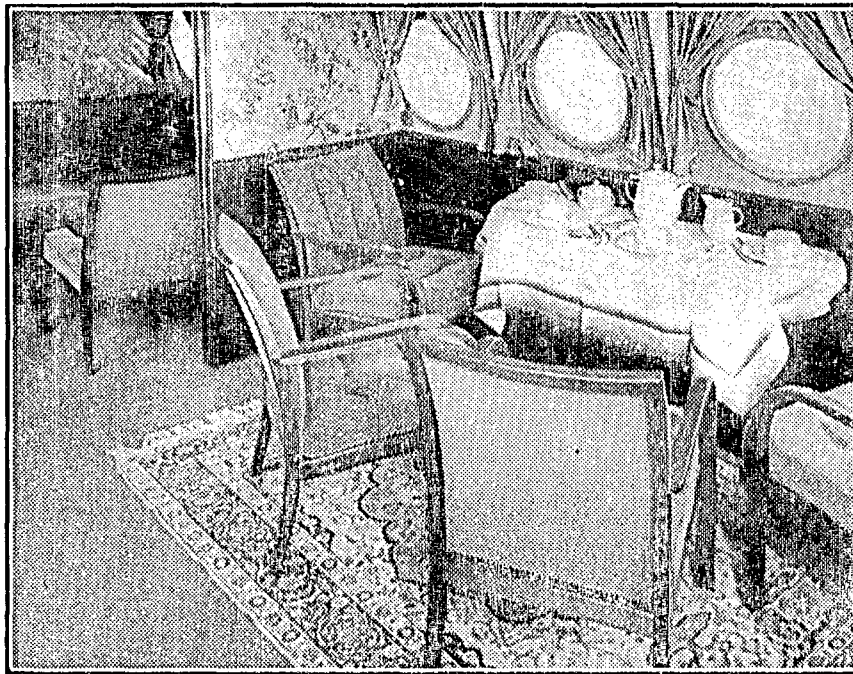
There is another class of people who are a danger to themselves and a nuisance to others. These are they who can read but cannot heed. They see the notices about litter yet go on littering. They cross the road or the railway in spite of written warnings.

Perhaps they are worse than that poor workman, for they know enough to know better.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FLYING BOAT



The Dornier Do-X at the beginning of a flight



A corner of the saloon in the giant air liner

The great Dornier Do-X flying ship, which recently paid its first visit to England at the beginning of its Atlantic flight, is the first heavier-than-air machine capable of carrying a large number of passengers to attempt the flight from Europe to America. She has twelve engines with a total of 7200 horse-power.

NOVEMBER AT GENEVA

NOVEMBER in Geneva is full of immense possibilities, and the main affairs of the world must find themselves changed as the result of the League meetings taking place this month.

One group is preparing the draft of the international agreement for the reduction of armaments, and on their success depends the calling of the Disarmament Conference. If this preparatory committee cannot agree, there is no use in calling a World Conference, for it could only fail.

Another group is trying to bring about cooperation in international trade, a further stage in the work of last spring which began with the hope of calling a tariff truce and was obliged to be content with a convention falling far short of it, but still valuable. The present business

is concerned in bringing this Commercial Convention into force.

A third group of delegates is studying the problem of gold, its distribution, and the harmful effects of having it tied up in one place when it is needed in another; and from them we may hear unexpected proposals as to what should be done.

The Mandates Commission has before it some questions of importance, including the agreement made by our Government with Mesopotamia, which leads to the cessation of the mandate, the scheme for closer union between Tanganyika and the neighbouring British possessions of Kenya and Uganda, and considerations of action in Palestine.

So every year the League finds new problems set before it and new possibilities of usefulness opened up.

THE PROMISE OF PROSPERITY

POLITICIANS BEWARE

What Happens When the Hard Times Come

BLOW FOR MR HOOVER

All is not well in America. The financial crisis is followed by a political crisis. Plenty of gold has by no means brought a bed of roses.

The Republic has just held its national election for the Senate and the House of Representatives, and the results give almost equal numbers to Republicans and Democrats. In the Senate the casting vote of the Vice-President will often decide the issue.

It is a sensational result, for in the present Parliament the Republicans have a majority of 17 in the Senate and 104 in Congress, so that disaster has overtaken their party, and the task of President Hoover, who still has about two more years of office, is made extremely difficult.

The Golden Promises

The chief causes of the loss of Government seats are the passing of prosperity throughout America, the prevailing unemployment, and business depression, made more pronounced by the memory of the golden promises in the battle-cry: "Vote for Hoover and Four More Years of Prosperity" during the presidential election two years ago. Other causes are the injury the new Tariff Bill will do to the American consumer, and the President's lack of leadership on Prohibition and other questions.

It must not be forgotten that all parties in America are divided on Prohibition, and the result is not in any sense to be regarded as a triumph for those who would repeal it. Very few statements about Prohibition in English newspapers are to be relied upon.

The new Parliament will not sit until the end of next year, but the elections are a blow to the prestige of President Hoover and the present administration. They came in on a wave of prosperity, and unwisely took the credit for maintaining it. Now that prosperity has passed like a shadow, they suffer the penalty of those who claim too much. It remains to be seen what the next twelve months will bring forth.

BUILDING-UP A NEW INDUSTRY

Canning Our Fruit

In future England is to can her own fruit and vegetables on a scale never done before.

When mention is made of tinned foods our thoughts fly abroad, but a big canning industry is rapidly rising in this country which by the end of the year will, it is estimated, employ ten thousand more people.

Ten years ago we had only six canneries; today we have 30, with a capital of three million pounds. So rapidly are these canneries working that in spite of the glut of soft fruit this year they could have dealt with three or four thousand tons more.

We are fortunate in having an unlimited supply of tinplate in South Wales and our climate and soil are suitable for growing soft fruits and such vegetables as peas and beans.

It has been stated that in a very short time the canners will be able to take the produce of another ten thousand acres. We shall then be able to build up an export as well as a home trade, and it will be unnecessary to import the 25 million pounds' worth of canned goods that we now import every year.

GIVING NATURE A CHANCE

Two Nations Try It FRANCE AND ITALY, THE IBEX AND THE CHAMOIS

There is good news of the ibex and the chamois. The ibex may proudly retain its place in the picture alphabets where it stands unchallenged at the head of the I's.

Both ibex and chamois were, up to a few years ago, in danger of extinction in their home in the Alps, but Switzerland and Italy have saved the remnant and enabled Nature to renew the stocks so liberally that these splendid creatures promise to become once more twin glories of the Alpine heights.

They have done so well in the Swiss Alps that, with the hunting down of wolves and eagles, their natural enemies, they are said to be waxing too prosperous and to grow lazy.

Italy's reserve was saved in a magnificent mountain sanctuary in the Graian Alps, where but a beggarly few remained after the havoc wrought by lawless hands during the war.

Given peace and liberty to re-establish themselves in a region where it is now unlawful to attempt the life of a chamois or an ibex without licence the chamois have increased their numbers in seven years to 2000 and the ibex to 3000 for this area alone. In order that they may not grow too numerous for the food supply available, and so impoverish themselves, the animals are now to have their numbers slightly thinned.

AN EMPEROR'S 30,000 GUESTS

Armed to the Teeth for the Banquet

The King's son dined with the new Emperor of Abyssinia the other night. On the following night the Emperor entertained his chiefs, priests, soldiers, and other notable subjects in a tent. This is from The Times account of the great feast.

The chiefs came in full dress and were all armed to the teeth. Altogether about 30,000 guests were served, in three relays.

The chiefs sat at a table furnished with plates, knives, and forks, and ate many courses of meat dressed in various ways, vegetables, fruit, and sweets, the whole washed down by draughts of mead. The entertainment of the guests of lower rank was more abundant but simpler. They squatted in front of low trestle tables, on which pancakes of damp, grey Abyssinian bread served for plates, and each guest had a horn or a wooden mug.

The guests were first served with small squares of cooked mutton and bread covered with a peculiarly pungent red pepper sauce. After immense quantities of this had been consumed the party settled down to serious eating.

Large joints of raw, freshly-slaughtered beef were borne down the ranks. Each man carved for himself with his own dagger. Strict etiquette was observed. The meat was raised to the mouth with the left hand, and the piece taken between the teeth was then severed by an upward slash with the dagger. Dexterity was needed to avoid amputation of the guest's nose. Joints were carried round until the company was replete.

Three hours later, when the tent was cleared for the second service, the guests walked with difficulty, more overcome by food than by drink.

A SAXON FAMILY

A man digging in his garden at Cassington in Oxfordshire has found three skeletons a thousand years old.

They represent a Saxon family of a man, woman, and child. Beside them were two rusty daggers, which have been sent to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

HANDEL JUNIOR

Lord Mayor's Choir Boy

AN IMMORTAL'S LOVE OF LONDON

George Handel is a lucky boy. He must feel that he has a stake in the Mansion House, Westminster Abbey, and Buckingham Palace.

He has become a member of the Lord Mayor's Choir, and he is a descendant of the great Handel, whose body went to Westminster Abbey and whose manuscripts went to Buckingham Palace.

The immortal Handel would have been glad to know that the boy was singing for London's Lord Mayor. Handel loved London so well that he deserted his native land for it.

Although the composer had such great successes in Germany and Italy it was in London that he chose to spend nearly 50 years, and in London that he desired to lay his bones. He must have

WHAT IS A GIRL? £5 Prize

THE Christmas Number of Arthur Mee's Monthly, now on the bookstalls, contains an article on Words which protests against the ugly trio of titles

Mister, Missis, and Miss.

Mister is bad enough, but Missis is surely one of the worst titles that ever uglified the name of woman; and Miss is half as bad. The girls on the Continent are much more fortunate in being Mademoiselles, Signorinas, Señoritas, and Frauleins.

The C.N. agrees with this protest, and it offers its readers a prize of £5 for a better word than Miss by which to describe a girl.

All suggestions must be sent in within one month and the prize will not be awarded unless in the Editor's opinion the name suggested is better than Miss.

The article in which the matter is discussed is in the December Number of Arthur Mee's Monthly.

Ask for My Magazine

felt with Dr Johnson that when a man is tired of London he is tired of life.

He would have been glad that, 220 years after his coming to the beloved city, young George Handel should be putting on the quaint old livery of the Lord Mayor's choristers, still loyal to London and all her historic pageantry.

We wonder if the master of this George Handel will say, as Zachau said of his ancestor when he was only twelve: "I can teach you nothing more!"

Probably not. But let him be comforted. If he is not as great as his ancestor, neither does he live in such perilous times, and no rival musician will fight a duel with him outside the theatre.

It is a sobering thought that the world would never have known the enchanting music of The Messiah if a button had not intercepted a sword thrust at that time.

A Sunderland man walked 66 miles to celebrate his 66th birthday.

The films taken by Andree 38 years ago have been developed with fairly good results.

A prehistoric animal's bone, nine feet long and weighing 140 pounds, has been found near London Docks.

52 MYSTERIOUS CASES

And What the League Did With Them

By Our League Correspondent

A Board Meeting was held the other day at the League of Nations at Geneva, each of the members of which came from a different country.

Its business is to keep a watchful eye on the drug traffic of the world, watching frontiers on land and sea. One recent result of this has been a seizure at Hong Kong of smuggled drugs of such a quantity as to be valued at £35,000.

Information was received at the League from an official at Trieste, who suspected a consignment of 52 cases declared to contain window glass, tinned jam, and dried fruit. It came from Stamboul, destined for the United States, and was due to call at Hong Kong. The Customs Officers, warned by the League, took action.

Turkey has been the offender several times in allowing large quantities of drugs to leave her shores without licences to show that they are allowed by law, and the League has invited the Turkish Government to send a representative to the next Board Meeting.

LONDON'S CHILDREN

Great Fall in Numbers

The Medical Officer of the London County Council dwells on the fact that London is becoming a city of grown-ups. The children are rapidly disappearing.

Thus as recently as 39 years ago one in every three Londoners was a child. At present not one in four is a child.

Only 70,000 children were born in L.C.C. London in 1929. Owing to the falling-off in births and the movement of people from the centre of London to the outskirts the population is falling. In the last ten years the decrease has been about 60,000.

If the number of children in London is smaller it is some comfort to learn that they are better off than of old. They are better fed, better clothed, and better schooled, and the records of the public libraries in the London area show that they are reading more.

THE PILCHARD

A Very Useful Fish

A pilchard is a very useful fish; it can be turned into fish meal and is a good fertiliser for the farmer.

The pilchard has also been very obliging in multiplying at a most extraordinary rate, and some time ago the Canadian fisheries regulations were altered so that fishermen could catch pilchards for other purposes than the dinner-table.

The pilchards caught last year weighed nearly a hundred thousand tons as against only a few thousand tons five years ago, and from these fishes no less than four million gallons of valuable oil was obtained.

To catch this tiny fish a fleet of boats, and a group of factories costing nearly a million pounds has been established in Canada.

THE BIRDS IN THE LAMP

Some swallows in Penzance have for many years built a nest very cunningly against the ceiling rose of an electric lamp in a stable.

Electric light fittings do not last for ever, and some time ago, when attending to the light, the electricians removed the nest, but the swallows, undismayed at the removal of their home, re-built the nest in this curious position and reared another little family, which was kept comfortably warm by the rays of the electric lamp.

180,000 PEOPLE DURING A STRIKE

Why Did They Go to the Doctor?

A HABIT FORMED AND KEPT

When the Coal Strike took place in 1926 there was a sudden jump up of 180,000 people who went to see their panel doctor. Why?

Sir George Newman, who records the figures of the bill of health of the nation, records this sudden jump up from 200,000 to 380,000 visits to the panel doctor with no more than a note to say that it was "due to the coal stoppage."

But in the following year, when the coal strike was over, there was only a slight drop in the figures, and since then they have risen till 450,000 visits are now paid to the panel doctors of England and Wales every year.

The Panel Patients

If the entire population were on the panel that would imply that one person in ten goes once a year. As the actual numbers on the panel are very far from including the whole of the population this means that the panel patients go more much often than that.

It may be that the idleness as well as the sickness caused by the Coal Strike, which was indeed the occasion of great hardship to many workers, gave rise to the increase, and that the habit of going to see the doctor has continued.

That in itself is not a bad thing. It is, at any rate, not so deplorable a thing as that the loss due to sickness or disablement, which takes people from work, amounts during the course of a year to nearly 29 million weeks' work, or the equivalent of a year's work for over half a million people.

If the panel doctors can bring that figure down the money will not be grugged.

A SKEIN ACROSS THE SEA

Yorkshire Mill Moves to Canada

A Yorkshire wool mill is moving bag, baggage, and workers to Canada.

It is sad news that good Yorkshiremen and women are leaving Old England to make a living elsewhere, but there are two fragments of consolation. The first is that these sturdy mill-workers are going no farther than Canada, and the second is that theirs is the attempt on the part of Yorkshire grit to climb the tariff wall which is put, even by our Dominions, on woollen goods.

The mill and its workers are being transplanted to Canada to found there a woollen-working industry. Their machinery and their skill—which is of more importance—go with them.

The Yorkshire director of the mill says they hope to found at Carleton, Ontario, a real Yorkshire colony. We would rather it were there than in an alien land. There it will be a bit of soil that is for ever England.

Too many of our cotton-spinners have crossed the Atlantic, and it is said that in parts of Massachusetts an Englishman might imagine himself still in Lancashire with Lancashire speech ringing in his ears. But Canada is a home away from home.

THE WEALTH OF THE PERSIMMON

Chinese persimmon plants come up year by year, and grow to a height of fifty or sixty feet, and one plant will yield a quarter of a ton of fruit.

The attention of manufacturers has been recently drawn to the lucrative trade carried on by the Chinese, who smash the fruit to pulp and leave it in big jars to decompose, after which it becomes a waterproof varnish which can be used for paper umbrellas, fans, and fishing nets.

November 22, 1930

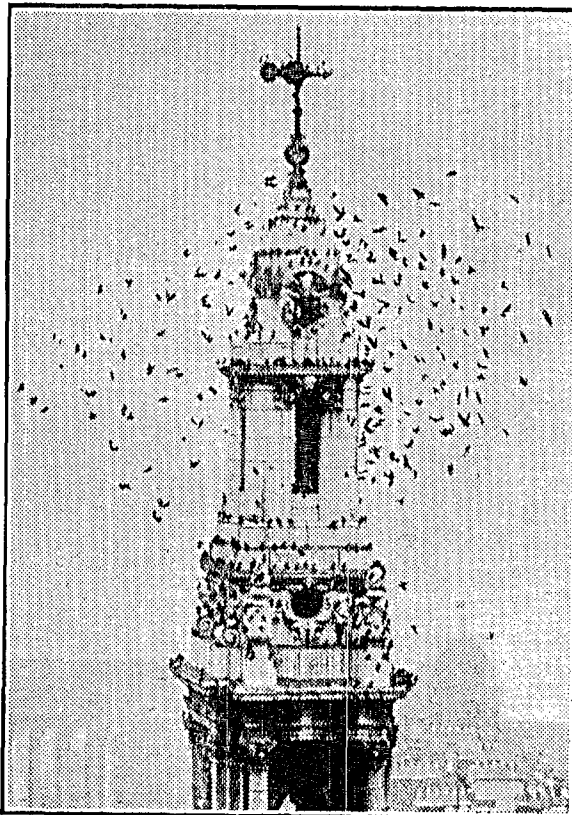
The Children's Newspaper

9

LONDON STARLINGS · RIDING TO SCHOOL · LIVERPOOL'S CENOTAPH



Fishing at Brighton—Rough seas and cold winds failed to turn this boy from his angling, and he arrived at the pier fully equipped for any weather.



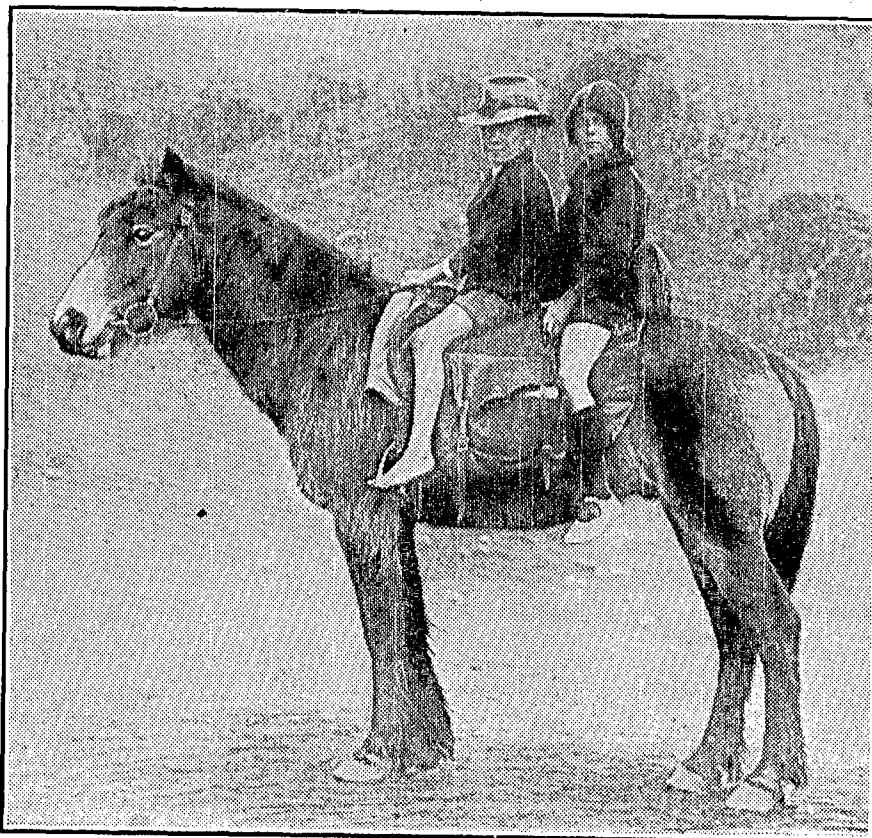
Wild Life in London—As dusk approaches thousands of starlings flock to various buildings in London for a night's roost. Here a number of these birds are seen approaching and settling on the tower of St Mary-le-Strand Church.



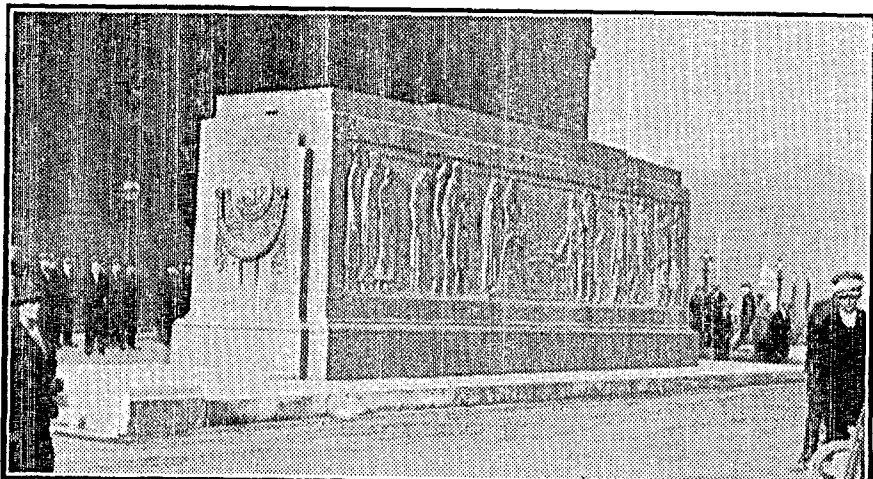
Making Friends—One of the most popular inmates of the Paris Zoo is this baby bear, which was born there not long ago. A little visitor is here seen making friends with it.



A Horse and Its Riders—In spite of the fact that it is carrying two riders this splendid horse appears to have no difficulty in clearing the obstacle at a riding school at Edgbaston.



Riding to School—These Australian children live so far from their school that they travel to and fro on horseback, carrying food and school books in the saddle bags.



Liverpool's Cenotaph—Here is a picture of Liverpool's beautiful cenotaph, which was unveiled on Armistice Day. It stands in St George's Square, in the heart of the city.



21 Girls at School—This delightful company of happy schoolgirls, with a boy leading, was photographed at a birthday party in honour of one of them at a school in Hamburg.

DOWN EAST WITH THE PRINCE

At the John Benn Hostel

PIRATES AND PLUM PUDDING

Stepney children will remember this Fifth of November as long as they live. The Prince of Wales went to spend the evening at the John Benn Hostel.

It was his own wish that his visit should be a quite informal one, and it was far more as Uncle David that he came to Stepney than as the Prince of Wales.

Strangely enough, when he arrived the Scouts, Guides, Brownies, and Cubs drawn up to greet him were invisible, for only two minutes before his car reached the building the electric lights failed and he had to inspect his guard of honour by the light of candles.

But nobody seemed to mind. The Prince was greeted by fairies and pirates, Peter Pan and Wendy, Titania, Bottom, the Water Babies, and the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. He greatly enjoyed the concert and the displays of boxing, swimming, and diving.

Helping the Chef

Never was there a more enthusiastic roar of cheering than when he entered the supper hall, and he seemed as delighted as anybody to find himself in the cheerful company of the seventy boys who live here. White-capped chefs brought in two enormous plum puddings, and the Prince himself set to work to help one of them while the hostel's song was sung from either end of the room; it was a long, joyous nonsense story of a bucket with a hole in it.

When he left the building the enthusiasm was so great that his car was held up by throngs of children. Smiling and waving to them, he finally drove away from what must have been one of the jolliest evenings he remembers.

THE CLOCK WITH TWO FACES

New Style in Pall Mall

The Pall Mall Clock is as good as Punch.

We have already described its antics in refusing to come into line after Summer Time, and its slowing down when forced to join up with the rest of London's clocks. But that is only half the story of this joke.

The clock has two faces, and as we write one face is right while the other is wrong!

The face looking West speaks the truth and tells the time; the face looking East is false, nearly four hours behind, or is it eight hours ahead? We do not know, but one odd thing we note. The only name about the clock is that of E. and W. Stile, and we may, perhaps, be forgiven for presuming that the clock is a stylish one, the one face being the West Style, and the other the East Style.

A story reaches us of two C.N. friends who were wont to meet by the clock. One of them, failing to be there in time one morning, apologised and declared that he was there with the clock at 10. That was impossible, said the other, for the clock was stopped at 6.5.

So the argument went on, until the two went back to the clock together, and both were right. It was the old story of looking on two sides of a shield. The friend who approached the clock from the East saw the hands at 5 minutes past 6; to the friend approaching it from the West it was 10 o'clock.

LOST WINDOWS SEE THE LIGHT

Saxon Discovery in Surrey

Built 900 years ago and covered up 600 years ago a remarkable example of Saxon architecture has been brought to light in the church of Thursley, a little village in the valley south of the glorious road known as the Hog's Back running from Guildford to Farnham.

Behind the plaster of the church walls two Saxon windows have been discovered with their original wooden framework. In the wood are still the original rusted nails.

Two staircases have been found within the walls; one of them led up to the loft above the Rood Screen which formerly separated the nave from the choir. This finely-masoned staircase was lighted by another Saxon window.

The stones used in blocking-up the Saxon work are similar to those used in the thirteenth-century chancel arch, so we can assume that the original features have been hidden for over 600 years.

Another curious discovery has been made. In the plaster of a former outside wall is the impression of a stone figure of a toad, a water spirit worshipped by the pagan Saxons.

Thursley has been famous for its fine timber tower rising from the centre of the church; in future it will take its place among the churches built before the Norman Conquest.

AUNT SALLY

Places She is Spoiling

A C.N. friend who has just been motoring about the country has made a note of a few places that are making themselves hideous with Aunt Sallys.

It is remarkable how very often a garage is the only ugly place in a village or along the road. It has not yet dawned on the minds of many people in the motor business that motoring prosperity depends on a beautiful countryside.

The following are some of the places which will soon be not worth bothering about by those in search of beauty, chiefly because of pumps and sometimes because of pumps and advertisements.

Sunbury	Egham
Long Sutton	Sunningdale
Virginia Water	Slough
Hook	Bagshot
Black Water	Bucknell, near Honiton

Sunbury is entirely vulgarised by ugly roof advertisements. The four miles from Maidenhead to Slough are perhaps the ugliest bit of new road that anybody wants to get away from, certainly so ugly that no traveller would want to stop there to buy anything.

The entrance into Bude from Boscastle has also been very much spoiled, as is the entrance into Exeter. The well-known Fleet Corner at Poole in Dorsetshire is also a hideous sight, with shrieking hoardings calling on people to buy land! It is incredible that the authorities of these towns are not more anxious to make a good impression on the travelling public.

A NEW FLYING SHIP

5000 Horse-Power

The famous German Dornier flying ship, a picture of which appears on another page, is to have a British rival.

The construction has been begun at Southampton of a monoplane flying-boat weighing 33 tons and having a wing spread of 160 feet.

Fitted in pairs above the wings will be six Rolls-Royce engines, with 5000 horse-power, which will give a speed of 120 miles an hour for 1000 miles without a stop.

The hull will have two decks and five passenger saloons, 14 feet wide, with sleeping berths for fifty passengers.

REX AND HIS BASKET

The Good Dog of Blackburn

In Blackburn there lives a dog as useful as a human being; in fact, the way he goes to work sets an example to many an errand-boy.

His name is Rex, and every day at dinner-time he may be seen at a certain street corner carrying a basket and watching the arrival of each tram.

At last the right car arrives, and Rex runs up to his master, a tram conductor, with his midday meal. The conductor takes his dinner out of the basket.

"Good dog!" he says, and pats his trusty messenger. Then Rex takes the empty basket and trots off home again.

This wonderful dog often goes shopping for his mistress. She only has to put a note in the basket and say Beef! and off runs Rex to the butcher's. Although he knows there is a bone in the basket he brings the meat home undamaged.

A LITTLE COLONY FAR AWAY

We have received from the Rev Alfred Dyer, of the C.M.S. Mission at Oenpelli, Port Darwin, an account of the work which has been carried on at a cattle station for five years.

Two thousand square miles have been set apart for the natives, with 200 square miles for the mission block. There were only a dozen men and their wives when the work began, and no children. Now there are 150, including 70 or 80 children. They have 30 acres under cultivation, mostly with foodstuffs.

Work among cattle is most suitable for the Aborigines, but a fair amount of work is done in growing vegetables and fruits. The people are not naturally keen to help themselves, but some gradually realise the advantage of cultivation of the soil. They sing well, and some are beginning to read.

We cannot but admire the faith, devotion, and infinite patience which carry on this work among a race of people so generally unresponsive.

OLD STYLE AND NEW STYLE

The bus was crowded when it reached the stopping-place, and it looked as if the two elderly ladies who got on there would have to stand.

On one of the seats two young men were talking loudly about the "modern miss" and her shortcomings. Neither offered to give up his seat to either of the ladies, who were not young or modern, and who could hardly keep their feet in the swaying bus.

The very old gentleman opposite to them, who more than once had looked hard first at the two young men and then at the two old ladies, rose and offered his seat to one of the ladies, then tapped one of the young men on the shoulder and said: "Never mind the modern miss. It seems to me you young fellows have a lot to learn."

It was not unkindly said, and it went home. One of the young men rose immediately and offered the other lady his seat, and his companion did not look quite comfortable.

THE BIGGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD?

One of those great dwelling-houses which are like small towns has just been opened in Vienna by the Burgomaster, Dr Seitz.

It is built round grassy courtyards set with trees, and will house 5000 people in 1382 flats. It has cost £840,000.

In the building are two electric laundries, two bathing establishments, two kindergartens, a dental clinic, a "mother's advice centre," a library, a post office, a chemist's, and 25 other shops. The baths are heated by the steam which is electrically generated for the laundries.

NEWS FROM SPACE

Dramatic Message to a Ship

HOW IT SAVED FOUR LIVES

By Our New Zealand Correspondent

We have often read of passengers and crews saved from sinking ships by wireless. Now comes a remarkable story of four stowaways who have to thank wireless for their lives.

It happened on the ship Penybryn (a Welsh name meaning the top of a mountain) bound from Fiji to New Zealand with a cargo of raw sugar.

Four Chinese crept on board while the Penybryn was loading at Suva, and stowed themselves among the bags of raw sugar in the hold.

Alas for them, the ship met a strong head wind and the hatches were battened down. They were prisoners with no chance of escape, and the unhappy four would never have survived the voyage in the poisoned air in the hold but for a dramatic event.

There came a wireless message from Suva telling the captain that it was thought that there were four stowaways on board.

A search was made, and the four Chinese, almost dead from exhaustion, were hauled on deck.

The wireless saved their lives. They had no chance of getting out of the hold while it was battened down, and would have died of suffocation had not the news of their presence come to the captain out of space.

THE JOLLY CRIPPLE BOYS

A Miracle of Chailey

WHY MR BROWN DROVE INTO A DITCH

Mr F. Yeats-Brown, a good friend of the Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey, has written about a recent visit he paid there, and this is the last picture he carried away of Mrs Kimmins's wonderful school-children.

When I was driving across country from the girl's school to the boy's, by the windmill which is to be restored, my car became bogged in a muddy lane. Instantly a group of boys who had been kicking a football rushed to my aid.

They were cripples.

One of them, and not the last, was on two crutches. In a moment the car was surrounded: eager hands were laid on front and rear bumpers, on mudguards, back, wheels, everywhere; crooked arms and game legs pushed and pulled, and the car, with me in it, bounced forward as if shot from a catapult. Then the whole gang limped and hobbled after, shouting for joy.

As for me, my eyes were so dim that I drove into another ditch.

SECURITY FOR THE SALVATION ARMY

A Good Thing Being Done

General Higgins, chief of the Salvation Army, is determined that his magnificent organisation shall move with the democratic spirit of the age.

He has called to his side leaders from all over the world to discuss the work and constitution of the Army.

He has pledged himself to lay down his autocratic powers, to hand over the property of the Army to trustees, to retire at a definite age, and to give up the right of appointing his successor.

He is doing all this because he thinks it right, and because the great property owned by the Army should not again run the risk of being mixed up with a man's private affairs.

VENUS BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE SUN

Fascinating Sight in the Year 2004

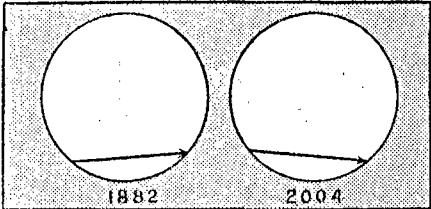
MEASURING 93 MILLION MILES

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Saturday, November 22, Venus, now gone from the evening sky, will pass between the Earth and the Sun; she will then be at her nearest to us, and only 26 million miles away, but quite invisible.

It may seem strange that the nearest world to us at the present time should be invisible though we may gaze up at the exact spot in the sky where it is. Venus will not pass directly between the Earth and the Sun or we should see her, but she will be some way below him and will be actually about five times the Sun's apparent width away, passing along a path from left to right and taking about eight hours to complete her journey beneath the Sun.

After this Venus will, in a few days, begin to adorn the early morning sky



The path of Venus across the Sun on the last occasion and on the next

and will be seen low in the south-east after the first week in December, becoming a glorious object later on.

It is a very great event for astronomers when Venus passes directly between our world and the Sun, to be revealed as a little round sphere silhouetted as a black patch on his great glowing face. This gradually crosses the Sun's disc in the course of several hours, when it is known as a transit of Venus.

Unfortunately the event is rare, the last occurrence being in December, 1882; the next will not be until June 8, 2004.

Actually Venus will pass almost exactly between our world and the Sun no less than 75 times between these dates before she will be again seen in transit; whereas she will be again seen only eight years later on June 6, 2012; then another long series of misses will be experienced, and so on.

For just about a year and seven months intervenes between each inferior conjunction, as it is called, when Venus passes between the Earth and the Sun. The last occasion was on April 20, 1929.

A Problem in Mathematics

Apart from the impressive fascination of thus seeing a world, nearly as large as our own, in such singular circumstances, there is much valuable data to be obtained; this is why astronomers everywhere look forward so eagerly to a transit of Venus.

More particularly it gives them a good opportunity for getting precise measurements of the Sun's distance, for Venus, as seen from different situations on the Earth, will appear to be on slightly different parts of the Sun. The difference of the angle noted between two observers, each situated at a position on the Earth as far as possible from the other, makes it possible to obtain the Sun's distance mathematically.

By this means at the last two transits of Venus, that of 1874 and 1882, it was found that the Sun was two million miles nearer than had been previously calculated. This has been confirmed by seven other ways of calculating the Sun's distance, proving it to average 93 million miles.

G. F. M.

C. L. N. Climbing Up

Number of Members—19,934

The figures for this week are those up to the eve of Peace Day. We shall reach our first Twenty Thousand next week.

Many letters have reached us in response to our appeal for a big increase in membership. One of the best responses comes from the West End School at Elgin, where 96 of the pupils have joined all at once. Another response comes from ten Sunday School scholars, who write: "Although our Sunday School is not very large we children of the Junior Department of the Willesden Society of Friends Sunday School would like to do our part in bringing the membership of the C.L.N. up to 20,000. We want to do all we can to bring Peace and stop all war, and we send our names and sixpences so that we may belong to the League."

We are also glad to note that many of those who joined this time last year are renewing their subscriptions. But we need to have new subscriptions from all who joined a year ago, so that our movement can go from strength to strength.

Have you renewed your subscription? If not, will you please let us have it without delay, and send it with the name of at least one new member?

Model Assemblies

The autumn activities are in full swing now. Model Assemblies, so popular with many Junior Branches of the League of Nations Union, are likely to be even more popular this term.

Then correspondence with other countries is also popular. Recently C.L.N. members have been put into touch with boys and girls in Japan, Persia, France, Holland, and Germany. There are now members in over thirty countries. These countries include such far-away lands as Fiji, the Falkland Islands, Central Africa, Brazil, China, and Persia.

We shall not be content until we have members in every country in the world.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
**Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.**
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Does Harvest Lightning Ripen Corn?

No. This is a very ancient fallacy. Electricity, however, is now used successfully in stimulating the growth of crops.

Which is England's Smallest Church?

Culbone in Somerset has the smallest parish church in England. Its total length is 35 feet, the width of its chancel is 10 feet, and that of its nave 21 feet 5 inches.

Which is the Higher Cliff, Golden Cap, Dorset, or Beachy Head?

Golden Cap is the higher, being 619 feet above sea-level, whereas Beachy Head is 533 feet high.

Why is There a Tower on Warkworth Bridge?

The building on the narrow fourteenth-century bridge over the Coquet at Warkworth, Northumberland, is a tower built for its defence in the days of Border forays. Its arch is so low that the pavement had to be lowered to allow a gipsy caravan to pass it fifty years ago.

What Are the Magnetic Poles?

The points in the North and South where the lines of magnetic force are vertical or, in other words, the ends of the axis of the Earth's magnetic polarity. They do not coincide with the geographical poles, are not antipodal to one another, and are not stationary, but move slowly over a considerable area. The present position of the North Magnetic Pole is latitude 70°8 degrees North, longitude 96 degrees West; and of the South Pole latitude 72°7 degrees South and longitude 156 degrees East.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK The Sheffield Donkey Boy

On November 25, 1841, died Francis Chantrey.

Sheffield is built in half a dozen valleys and climbs a dozen hills. The hills that are on the west and south rise into Derbyshire.

About 133 years ago a Derbyshire lad went daily down the hill from Norton to be a grocer's boy and to drive his donkey cart about the streets of Sheffield. His father had been a carpenter, but



Francis Chantrey

died when the boy, Frank, was eight. So when he left the village school he became a grocer's boy in the town, with a view to being apprenticed to the business. But he had other views himself, for what he fancied was a wood-carver's work that he saw in a shop he passed, and the wood-carver, knowing he was a sharp lad, took him as an apprentice for seven years.

So clever was he that two years before his apprenticeship was completed he was able to leave the wood-carving and set up for himself as a portrait painter.

The people of Sheffield encouraged him well, and by the time he was 23 he settled in London; but he frequently went back to Sheffield to paint portraits and make busts, for he had decided that sculpture was his favourite form of art. His first marble bust was that of the vicar of Sheffield.

His Fame as a Sculptor

His conquest of London as a sculptor was as complete as his conquest of Sheffield had been as a portrait painter. His price for a portrait when he left Sheffield was five guineas, and in London he began to make portrait busts for ten guineas; but by the time he was 32 his price had risen to 150 guineas, and the demand for his work was unlimited. At one time he had orders for £12,000 worth of work.

Chantrey's success was many-sided. It was primarily an artistic success, but he had qualities that made him friends in all social circles. Though he made his way individually, he was welcomed early into the companionship of the leading artists, and one of his comparatively early busts was that of the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Benjamin West. His sitters included nearly all the famous men of his day. His choicest work, however, it is generally agreed, is in groups in which children and women are commemorated, the most famous being the Sleeping Children in Lichfield Cathedral.

Unspoiled by Success

He was knighted in 1835, and received honours from both Oxford and Cambridge Universities. But no man was ever less spoiled by success. To the end of his life he kept up his friendships with the homely people he had known from boyhood in Sheffield, and when, at 60, he died suddenly, it was in the church of his native village that he was buried in accordance with his own wishes.

His wealth (£150,000) he left, after the death of his wife, as a bequest for the purchase of pictures by living artists, and the collection can be seen in the Tate Gallery in London.

LISTENING TO A PIECE OF STEEL

A doctor's ordinary stethoscope has lately been used by engineering firms to detect flaws in the welding of big tanks and pipes.

A blow is struck on the part to be tested with a small hammer, and the stethoscope is applied near the blow. At first an ordinary sound is heard, but immediately afterwards comes another sound, due to the reflected waves, and it has been found that a flaw can be easily detected by the sound.



JOHN is quite right. Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are foods, "shot from guns." Crisp, crunchy grains that have had every cell in them exploded, making them easy to digest.

This is how Puffed Rice is made.

The best quality of Rice is placed in sealed cylinders or "guns" made of bronze, which are then revolved for an hour in a specially constructed oven heated to over 550 degrees.

Puffed Wheat is prepared in a similar manner from specially selected wheat.

Each grain of Wheat or Rice contains at least 125 million starch granules. Each of these granules holds in its centre a tiny speck of moisture. As the guns are airtight, this moisture is turned to steam, which creates enormous pressure inside of each granule.

Then, as the guns are suddenly "fired" or unsealed—the steam in each granule explodes—and 125 million explosions blast every starch granule to pieces. The grains are puffed to 8 times their natural size, and every solid, indigestible starch granule is broken up.

Mother—you can give your child the most digestible breakfast food known to science by filling in this coupon.

Buy a packet of Quaker Puffed Rice and hand this coupon completed to your grocer. In exchange he will give you a packet of Puffed Wheat free.

CUT HERE

Take this COUPON to your grocer

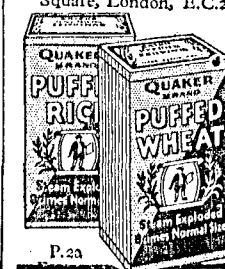
This is to certify that my grocer has given me a full-sized packet of both Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice for 8d. — the price of a single packet. I have not used a similar coupon before.

Name _____

Address _____

To the Grocer

On receipt of this coupon with name and address of customer filled in we will send you 8d., the full retail price of packet you gave as per our offer. Dept. 17, Quaker Oats Ltd., 11 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.



A PACKET
OF EACH
FOR THE
PRICE
OF ONE!

Guaranteed by
Quaker Oats Ltd.
This offer applies
only to the U.K.
and the Irish Free
State. C.N. 22/11/30.



HEALTHIEST BOY.....

"Many people tell me John is the healthiest four-year-old they know," his mother says. "California Syrup of Figs" deserves much of the credit for his splendid condition. I have used it for him regularly since babyhood. I have given it to him, too, for upsets and colds. It always makes him normal in a few hours."

Millions of mothers know the quick, pleasant way to end a child's irregularities; relieve his biliousness, feverishness, headaches; increase appetite and energy, is with a few spoonfuls of "California Syrup of Figs."

Now, many are learning they can prevent troubles of this kind; keep a child in fine condition by the regular weekly dose of this same pure vegetable product which doctors everywhere endorse. Children love its flavour. It acts without discomfort or harm. 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists. Emphasize the word "California" and avoid mistakes.

"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

IDEAL LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN



He made it.

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THE LITTLE MAN IN HIS SHOP

PHILOSOPHY BEHIND THE COUNTER

An Old Traveller Looks Back on the Way He Has Come

WHAT LIFE HAS TAUGHT HIM

One of our writers has been talking to a little man behind the counter of a tobacco shop not a thousand miles from Victoria. He is old; his face is one of those you do not forget. This is his story as he told it.

My mother was also my father, because my father had died. She was poor, but she made up her mind to give all she had for my education, deciding that I should enter the school of submarine cables. So at fifteen I did enter the school, and after some time the examination came. There were forty of us, and for the greatest curse of my life I passed first.

Something One Cannot Cheat

Why for the greatest curse of my life? Because I had not worked for it; because I did not deserve to pass first. I thought I understood mathematics, and so did my examiners, but it was not so. I had passed first simply because I happened to know the questions asked that day. One can cheat oneself, one can cheat others; but one cannot cheat the invisible law of Justice. That is what I had to learn later, and in how hard a school!

Well, a post was then vacant in Marseilles, and they sent me there for two years.

After a month I received seven sovereigns for my salary. It was my first money. I could not believe it. What could I do with all that gold? Enjoy myself, of course. The first thing to do was to be the best-dressed man in Marseilles, so that everybody would see I was rich. I bought suits one after the other, shoes one after the other; I came to have as many as twenty-three pairs of shoes. I remember loving to watch their file in my room; they were beautiful things, each with coloured tops matching my ties.

Running Into Debt

The end of it was that after my two years in Marseilles I had run into a debt of over £80. Prison was the only place for me. Thinking it over, I could not stand the idea, and at last I wrote to my uncle in Bath: "My dear uncle, I have been extravagant; I owe £80. If the thing is not settled at once it means prison." And the £80 came from Bath. It had hardly come when I was summoned to the superintendent.

I shall always remember his face, a dear, elderly gentleman, looking very kind. He greeted me with much solemnity, asked me to sit down, and began like this: "I am sorry to have to speak to you. You are a brilliant fellow; there is great promise in you. But I have just heard that you have run into debt, and I know you will not be able to pay."

A Very Good Uncle

On which, adopting his own solemn manner, I got up and declared, with the money in my hand: "I shall pay, sir." "Now, what has happened?" inquired the old man. "Where did you get that money? I must know."

After I told him he said simply: "Well, you have a very good uncle."

Alexandria happened to be my next promotion. All things were arranged for us to have a happy time there, but nothing could satisfy me. I always wanted something more or something else.

Alexandria was surrounded with Roman fortifications; you could only find your way out of the city through gates guarded by the Arabs, who would not let you through without a permit. But one night, exasperated at the feeling of being locked up, I decided

THE PROBLEM OF LEISURE

How a Postman Solves It

As pensions become more usual the problem of what to do with leisure grows more common.

Nothing is plainer than that aged people often find rest does not agree with them as they thought it would. Without work they are dull. "Always have an object in life" is as good a motto for old as for young.

An example of how it can be done comes to us from a Kent reader.

After 40 years' work a postman, respected by all, has retired at the little town of Milton-by-Sittingbourne. One might think he would be tired, but he still finds plenty to do. Milton is proud to own one of the oldest churches in England, and he has made it his labour of love to improve its once neglected churchyard and reveal some of the interesting features of the church's interior.

An Old Priest's Chamber

The churchyard is now quite a different place from what it was. Its ancient tombstones have been cleaned and made readable. Inside the church he has brought to light an old priest's chamber above the vestry. The removal of plaster from the north wall revealed an oak door, and he was the first to pass that door for centuries. The only contents of the chamber beyond were a couple of cartloads of straw that had been carried there by birds. Now the renovated chamber is a storehouse of ancient parish records.

Milton has an old courthouse, dated 1450, and children passing by peer through the gratings of the cells below. The place, which he owns, has been restored by him as nearly as can be to its original appearance, and he is proud to show it, freely.

Another thing that he is hoping to see done, though the cost may be £500, is the repair of a great crack in the 600-years-old tower of the venerable church. Our correspondent suggests, and we agree, that Mr S. Nichols, late postman and today churchwarden, is a good example of public-spirited work keeping a man busy in retirement.

Continued from the previous column

to get away, and instead of making for the gates I turned round, crept along the railway out of the city, and reached a ruined temple, a grand sight. The sky shone gloriously over endless areas of sand. Space enthralled me. I started running.

But all of a sudden I came upon an Arab, a guard with a bayonet. I was out of breath. He made me understand that I must go back. I answered that I would not. He moved his bayonet toward me with threats. Then I shouted: "I am English!"

A magic effect that had on the man. How that exclamation had come to me I never knew, but I learned after that no other words could have saved my life, for in those days in Egypt an Englishman was next to Allah.

I was just eighteen then, and it would take too long to tell you the story of my life for all these years. But my conclusion is this: that God created us for a purpose, and practically none of us dreams of fulfilling it. I have been one of those. I have gone my own way thinking I knew when I did not, thinking I was somebody when I was nobody. Man believes he has a personality of his own, but he has none; man is the child of God.

I am, like all men, ignorant of the nature of God. God is so far above our reach that we can find no word for Him. But my experience of life is that each time I went against the Law of God I lost my way, and each time I went with the Law of God I found my way. It has taken me over sixty years to understand this. How many trials our young people would be spared if they could only know it in time!

HUMANITY'S TEAM

GREAT RESULTS OF COMING TOGETHER

Working as One to Destroy the Enemies of All

PASTEUR'S POOR SCHOLAR

A little while ago Lord Moynihan spoke to medical students on the importance of cooperation between physiology and medicine.

Now Professor John Mellanby, in an address to a wider audience, has been revealing some of the astonishing results of this cooperation within recent years. It is a marvellous record.

The great work begun by Pasteur in France, and carried by Lister into spheres of which the immortal Frenchman never dreamed, has never been stayed. Discoveries and inventions for the prevention and cure of disease multiply every year, so that those most familiar with the subject are able to assure us that the Twentieth Century will be known to posterity as the Golden Age of medicine.

Conquering Disease

Diseases described in scientific literature for two thousand years are now absolutely curable as the result of discoveries made within the lifetime of young readers of the C.N. Rickets, which has been known in Europe as the English disease, can now be prevented or cured. Pernicious anaemia and diabetes, ancient scourges of civilised society, yield to treatment discovered within the last few years.

The conquest of these and other maladies, forming a great chapter in the new history of medicine, shows how the knowledge and discoveries of the world were brought together and focused on a single point. France, Austria, Germany, Russia, America, and the learned British legion have all contributed indispensable elements of the whole.

One of the most notable contributors to the common store of the knowledge of healing has just passed away in that great bacteriologist Dr Waldemar Haffkine, an illustrious Russian educated in Switzerland and for some time assistant to Pasteur, finally finding his kingdom in India, where his preventive inoculation against plague and cholera saved millions of lives, reducing the death-rate of the victims by 85 per cent.

Linking the Nations

Inspired efforts of this kind link the ages as well as the nations. Forty years ago a man sitting at a dinner table said: "I had reason to be grateful to my great-great-uncle, for today I have had a tooth painlessly drawn under gas, and he discovered it." The patient was Sir William Priestley, and he was speaking of the discovery of nitrous oxide by Joseph Priestley, who was born in 1733.

Another odd incident lives in the romance of science. When an epidemic disease was destroying all the silkworms of France and Italy Louis Pasteur sought out the cause and the cure. He reached the South of France, went to the house of a poor scholar, and asked to be shown a cocoon of a silkworm moth.

How the Silk Industry was Saved

His request was granted, for the scholar produced a pocketful. Pasteur took one and shook it near his ear. "Why, it makes a noise," he said; "there must be something inside." He was astonished when told that that was the chrysalis, and he had to be told what a chrysalis was. Fortunately the poor scholar to whom he had gone was that famous naturalist Henri Fabre, who was able to tell him the whole natural history of the silkworm, its caterpillar, its chrysalis, and its cocoon.

Then Louis Pasteur did what Henri Fabre never could have done. He discovered the cause of the disease, found a cure, and saved the silk industry.

THE GREEN DOOR

Serial Story by
John Halden

CHAPTER 17 A Tight Corner

FOR a few moments Tony sat staring stupidly at the thing he held in his hand. Under the electric lamp the jewels with which it was set winked at him in what seemed malevolent triumph. He turned it round in his hands. Certainly it was a beautiful thing, a golden cup with a wrought base and with jewelled flowers and animals twisting over its surface. He could well believe that it was worth many thousands of pounds.

A beautiful thing, certainly. But the last thing in the world which Tony wanted to have in his possession at that moment. This was the cup for which the police had offered a large reward, and someone had wished to make him appear the thief!

Thoroughly awake now, Tony went back in his mind over the events since he had entered the house in Dead Cat Alley the last time. There was, unfortunately, not the slightest doubt as to when the cup had been put in his pocket. That was the obvious explanation of the sudden quarrel of the two pseudo-workmen. He remembered that one of them had seemed at the time vaguely familiar.

Tony's first natural impulse was to get rid of so compromising a possession at once. He looked desperately round his room for a hiding-place. He could not understand the gang's motive for putting the cup into his pocket, but now that he had it he must decide what to do with it. If only he were not bound by his promise to Felicity not to go to the police! Indeed, he felt that the circumstances warranted his doing so.

Suddenly another thought came to him. This cup had been, according to Felicity, the trump card of the gang. They had used it to force the old man to agree to their demands. The situation was very different now from what Felicity had thought it, but the cup remained a valuable card in the game. Might he not in his turn use it to force Speers to free Felicity? He could show that he had recognised his assailant in the street as one of her captors.

Tony stared moodily at the glittering jewel in his hands. Why had they put the cup into his pocket?

As he hesitated, Tony was roused out of his perplexity by the sound of voices in the corridor outside his room.

"This way, Mr. Detective," said a voice which he recognised as belonging to Larkin, old Mr. Speers's manservant. "I've traced the cup this far, and a lot of time and trouble it has cost me. I hope you'll remember that when it comes to the reward."

"Time enough for that when I see the cup," said a new voice curtly. "Which room is it?"

The last question was apparently addressed to the hotel manager, for a third voice answered.

"Just here at the end of the corridor," it said. "Of course, I can hardly say with any definiteness, but the boy seemed perfectly all right; he came with Mr. Josiah Cartwright, the well-known writer on Persian archaeology, and his niece, Miss Felicity Marr."

"I'll want to have a little talk with them later," said the detective, "to find out what they know of him. Have you noticed any suspicious movements on his part since he came to the hotel?"

"The night porter tells me he came in twice at extraordinary hours during the night," returned the hotel manager, reluctantly.

"Tell the night porter to wait and see me before he goes off duty," commanded the detective shortly. "Now try the door. Locked, is it?"

Tony, even while listening with one ear to the talk outside his door, had been rapidly revolving the situation in his mind. In a flash it suddenly became clear to him. His sight had not deceived him when he had thought that he and Jack Tempest had been observed from the Embankment. Finding that they had not, as they believed, finished with him for good when they dropped him through the trap-door, Speers had been obliged hastily to make a new plan for getting rid of him. The plan had been to make him seem the thief of the famous gold cup. Two members of the gang, probably Leeson and Speers himself, had contrived the mock fight and slipped the cup in his pocket. Meanwhile Larkin had been sent to find a police detective, who should discover the cup in his possession. This would result in Tony being imprisoned,

or at least detained for examination, and that would give them the time they needed to carry out their plans unhindered by any further interference.

Tony set his teeth. He looked round the room desperately for a hiding-place, realising, as the knuckles of the detective thundered on his door, that nowhere in the room was there adequate shelter.

"You have a pass-key, I suppose?" It was the sharp voice of the detective. "You say you are sure he came up to his room a few minutes ago? Then he must be here."

Tony heard the jingle of keys outside, and he smiled as he saw that his own key was in the lock. That would delay them for a moment or two. He darted across the floor and turned the key noiselessly so that it could not be pushed out from the other side. Now they would have to break down the door.

He must get out of the room and away. Luckily the drop from the window to the roofs beyond was not impossible; in a moment he had dropped noiselessly, shoes in hand, out of the window. He had put on his overcoat and cap, and had the cup safely in his pocket. The question was what to do now? The door locked on the inside would instantly show the detective how he had left the room, so that the hue and cry for him would start in a very few moments.

CHAPTER 18 The Chase

IT was now light, a cold foggy morning, and Tony was uncomfortably aware that, exposed as he was on the roof, he could be seen from a score of windows in the surrounding houses. At any moment the detective behind him would have broken through the door and then it could not be more than a moment before the alarm would be raised.

Between the roof on which he stood and the flat roof of the next building was a distance of only a few feet, not too much to jump, though the chasm below was very deep. Tony jumped for it, and landed staggering on the other roof. At this moment he heard a crash.

"They've smashed the door," he muttered. "They'll be at the window in a second."

He glanced back, and instantly fell flat on his face on the roof. The window from which he had come was still empty; no irate detective was as yet framed in it, but it was only a question of minutes. He looked round him desperately for shelter, and found it.

Directly in front of him a door swung loosely on its hinges. It let on to the roof. Beyond it was no doubt a staircase. Tony slithered across the roof as fast as he could manage without rising to expose himself. Even as he reached the door he heard the sound of a police whistle blown from the window of his room. The hunt was up.

Had the detective seen him go through that door? Tony, running down the stairs, dared not stop to speculate.

Now he had got to the second floor of the office building in which he had found himself, and forced himself to go sedately, as if he were there on ordinary business.

"I must walk out of the front door as if nothing were wrong," he told himself, "and go at once to the Underground station at Holborn. All the bobbies in this part will have heard that police whistle and be on the look-out, but luckily they won't have learned yet what sort of person to watch for. Mustn't make them suspicious. If I walk quietly toward the station there's a chance of getting away."

Tony had quickly decided on his course of action with regard to the gold cup in his pocket. As far as he himself was concerned, he longed to be rid of it at once, to go to the nearest police station and hand it over with explanations as to how he came by it. But that would have been letting Felicity down rather badly. She had risked a good deal to save her benefactor's name from the undeserved stigma of theft.

"If they catch me the game's up," he reflected; "but the least I can do for Felicity's sake is to help her to do what she hoped to do—take the cup direct to its owner, tell him the story of the old man, and rely on his decency to understand."

It sounded simple, but before this could be done Felicity had to be rescued from the house in Dead Cat Alley.

Tony shrugged. "Back to the house of sinister memories," he remarked whimsically to himself. "I only hope I'm not in for another ducking: I've

Continued on the next page



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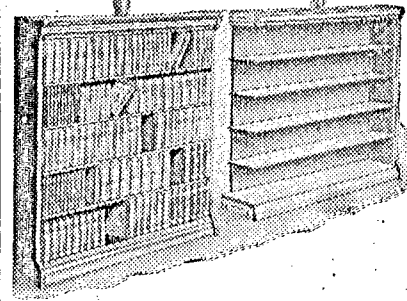
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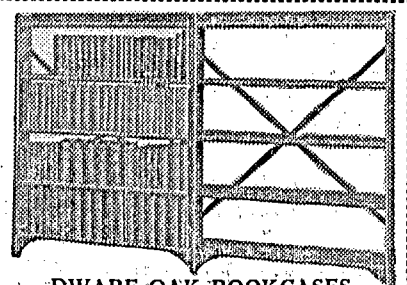
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eat **FORCE** with HOT MILK

swallowed as much Thames water as I care for in one night, and, besides, this time there are no dry clothes available."

It was lucky for Tony that he was able to amuse himself with his thoughts as he walked through the streets toward Holborn Station. Any suspicious policeman on the look-out for a thief would certainly have passed over the schoolboy who looked so amused with life. He got his ticket at the window and stepped into a train going East without being questioned.

"This is almost too easy," thought Tony as the train roared through the tunnel, and he saw as his fellow-passengers only everyday business men. Recent experiences, however, had taught him that he was never in so much danger as when he thought himself safe. Suddenly he remembered his school cap. That would be the first thing that would be described to those who were sent in search of him. He looked about him quickly, but no one was staring suspiciously at his cap. Still, the danger was really at the end of his journey. A young man opposite with a thick head of hair and no hat gave him an idea. As he left the train he contrived to drop the cap into the space between the platform and the car. Then, very watchfully and ready to make a run for it, he walked toward Limehouse and Dead Cat Alley.

As Tony passed the place at which he had borrowed the pick the night before an ear-splitting clatter of pneumatic drills told him that the morning's work on the street had begun. The night watchman had gone, and he looked in vain for the familiar figure of Jack Tempest.

Suddenly Tony felt that he could go no farther without something to eat. All the fatigue of his sleepless, strenuous night came upon him with a bound, though the excitement of the past hour or so had held it for a while at bay. He turned into a dingy little eating shop, determined to see if breakfast would make up for his lack of sleep. To his surprise, the first person he saw was Jack Tempest.

Tony laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. Jack looked up and indicated apologetically the bacon and eggs before him.

"I didn't think you'd mind my spending a bit of your money on them," he remarked, showing no sign of surprise at Tony's sudden

appearance. "I hadn't much to eat yesterday and the temptation was too great."

Tony gave his order to the waiter and sat down at the same table.

"Don't want to embarrass you," he said, "but considering you saved my life twice last night—"

Jack stopped him with a gesture and grinned. It was the first time Tony had seen him smile, and he felt more than ever that he would like to have this man for his friend.

"As far as that goes, old man," said Jack, "your bacon and eggs have just saved my life, so we'll call the matter square, if you don't mind."

"Any news?"

"Yes, rather odd. The whole gang seems to have left the house. Do you know what they're up to now?"

"I should think I do," returned Tony. "But tell me first, do you know where Felicity is?" he added, in a low voice.

"Yes; I saw the poor kid through a window. They've got her tied up and helpless. Tony, I want to apologise to you and her for my suspicions. That child is all right. I don't care what kind of mess she has got mixed up in, she herself hasn't done anything wrong."

Tony nodded. "There's no time to be lost," he said, lowering his voice still more.

"I must go and release her while the men are away. Jack, I've got the cup here in my pocket. Never mind how I got it; I'll tell you that later. Jack, it's a lot to ask, because it makes you technically an accomplice, but would you mind taking care of the cup till I come back with Felicity? There's no telling how soon the gang may return, and if they get me I don't want them to find the cup on me. You know whom the cup rightly belongs to. If by ill luck they do for me, take it back to the owner and tell him what I've told you, will you? Then, whatever happens, I'll have done my duty by Felicity and she will have done hers. Will you promise?"

"Of course," said Jack, taking the parcel Tony held out to him and putting it without a glance into the pocket of his shabby coat. "But not so much talk about possible ill luck. You'll come back all right." But as he said it his face was anxious, for he knew too well the desperate character of the men whom one boy was trying to outwit.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO TAKES THE BASKET

MOTHER JACKO was reading a letter from Grandmama.

"How is the old lady?" asked Father Jacko, pushing up his cup for more coffee.

"She says she never felt better in her life," replied Mother Jacko. "And she's

he arrived. And then Granny sent him shopping. She wrote out a list of the things she wanted him to buy, which included some fruit.

"You'd better go to the market for that," said the old lady.



He brought it down on Jacko's head

ninety-two next birthday. She's simply wonderful!" she added.

"A marvellous woman," agreed her husband, nodding his head.

"And there's an invitation for you, Jacko," said his mother, "to spend a week with her."

"Coo!" remarked Jacko, "and what on earth am I to do when I get there?"

"It's a very pleasant neighbourhood where Grandma lives," said Mother Jacko, "with lots of big shops."

"I'll go if there's a good Picture House," said Jacko.

"Very condescending of you," put in Adolphus. "You'll have to behave yourself. Granny won't stand any nonsense."

"She won't have to," said Jacko, grinning; "I'll be as good as gold."

And so he was—for a few hours after

Now, Jacko had never been in a market, and when he got inside he was staggered at the sight of so much food.

"Coo!" he murmured; "I'd like to have a go at those apples!"

There were hundreds of them, in baskets, piled up almost to the roof.

Jacko was picking out a few of the biggest when a salesman pounced on him and snatched them out of his hand.

"Stop stealing my apples," he cried, "or I'll hand you over to the police."

"I'm not stealing—I'm buying them," declared Jacko indignantly. "How much are they?" he added grandly. "I'll take the basket."

"Yes, I'll see that you do," replied the man, and, picking up an empty basket lying by his side, he swung it up and brought it down, like an extinguisher, on Jacko's unlucky head!



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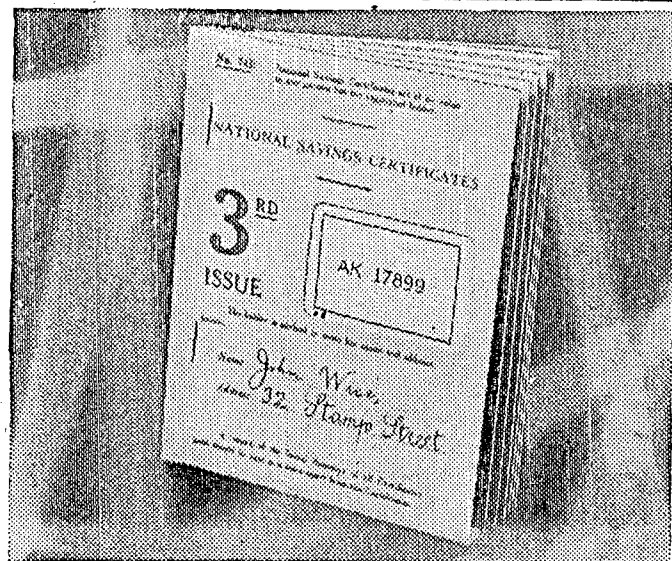
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I send FREE SIX MINT BRITISH COLONIALS, one each from KEDAH, ZANZIBAR, Kenya, TURKS & CAICOS Is. SOUDAN and CAYMAN ISLANDS—and ATL. MINT, to any collector at Home or Abroad sending a postcard for my large illustrated Price List (No. 9), containing over 1,200 items: Stamps, Albums, Sets, Packets, Accessories—in fact, EVERYTHING FOR THE STAMP COLLECTOR. Prices from 1d. (over 200 sets at 1d. each) to 40/- Send a postcard only—no cash—and ask for No. 212. EDWARD SANDELL, 10-11, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 5/6, 3 lbs. 10/9. Excellent for Jumpers, Socks, etc. Navy, 3/10 lb. Superior Mixtures, 4/11 lb., post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Blankets, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.

EGERTON WELLINGTON
BURNETT'S SOMERSET,
N.C. DEPT. ENGLAND.

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d. Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/- or with 5 coupons only 2/9. Do Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

NOVEMBER BARGAINS

Packet of 1,000 all different Postage Stamps, a splendid start for any collector ... 3s. 6d.
Spain Columbus commemorative, set of 8 different ... 1s. 0d.
Austria Military Post, beautifully engraved set of square stamps, 1h to 2kr, 17 stamps ... 9d.
Persia Coronation issue, a handsome set (all guaranteed genuine originals) 9ch, 10ch, 12ch, and 24ch. Set of 4, cat. 3s. 8d. Our price only 1s. 0d.
1kr, 2kr, 3kr, 5kr, set of 4, with borders in silver, cat. 9s. Our price only 1s. 9d.
1t, 2t, 3t, 5t. Set of 4, with borders in gold, cat. 30s. A real bargain for ... 3s. 9d.
Or the three sets of Persia as above for 6s. 0d.
FOR FIFTY YEARS we have been sending out sheets of stamps on approval. Every stamp we sell is fully guaranteed, specially selected and priced at the lowest possible figure. Ask for same to be sent you for inspection. For 30 days (abroad 90 days) we will present absolutely free, to all applicants enclosing 1d. for postage, a collection of 12 Jugo-Slavia stamps if application is addressed to Department 77, HERRINGTON & MARTIN, South Hackney, London, E.9. ESTABLISHED 1880.

FREE. 12 SCARCE STAMPS

which are missing from nearly every collection and include Austrian Field Post (high values), Cuba 1898, unused (scarce issue), Set of 3 Hungary (unusual values), Paraguay Commemorative Set of 4 (very King), Switzerland (1892 unused), Venezuela (1904 high value). To all stamp collectors I will present this collection absolutely free on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage. (Abroad 2d.) Only one gift to each applicant.

G. P. KEEF, Mortimer Lodge, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.19.

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions; Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, or money for Country Holidays for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by
LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary,
Hoxton Market Christian Mission, N.1.
President—WALTER SCOTTS, Esq.

A HOT MUG OF COCOA

and three slices of bread, butter and jam is given to hundreds of little hungry children every week. Remember the little ones these bitter mornings. 3d. pays for one breakfast; 2/6 for 10; 10/- for 40; and 25/- for 100. How many may I entertain as your guests?
Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

BAILEY'S "SUPER" PUMP

Celluloid covered 15x4 in. With Steel Lining 2/3 each. With Aluminium Lining 2/6 each. The Metal Linings are solid drawn from a Metal Blank, cartridge fashion. Cannot warp.

OUR XMAS DEMONSTRATORS

will show you what can be done with Plasticine and Novlart in many of the London Stores.

Write and ask us where they are to be found. Circulars and list of users, etc., Post Free.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE Ltd.
8, Bathampton, Bath.



CHILDREN love them!

Made of solid stone, perfectly shaped, charmingly coloured and delightful to handle, Lott's Bricks are a fascinating toy, appealing to the imagination and constructive instincts of boys and girls of all ages.

LOTT'S BRICKS —the ideal present for a Boy or Girl

Designed by an architect, they make faithful reproductions in miniature of the buildings you see around you every day. Diagrams and instructions in each Box.

Priced at 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, 7/6, 12/6, 21/- & 35/-

Here are some new developments:

RAILWAY BOX. A splendid new set that will delight every boy interested in model railways. Most realistic models of Stations, Signal Boxes, etc., can be made with it.

Price 17/6.

Those who already possess Lott's Bricks will appreciate one of the new ACCESSORY SETS of Gothic, Church Windows and Doors, and Lattice Windows, etc., for Tudor Blocks.

Prices 5/- and 10/-.

A.B.C. BOX. A delightful introduction to the alphabet for the little ones. The letters are embossed in brilliant colours on solid stone building bricks. With blackboard and chalk.

Price 2/6

Obtainable of all leading Stores and Toy Dealers.

Send a penny stamp to-day for Book, beautifully illustrated in colours, telling you all about LOTT'S BRICKS.

To Dept. C.N.2, Lott's Bricks Ltd., Watford, Herts.



MASON'S GINGER WINE

MADE AT HOME

GOOD its Mason's

Delicious, warming, cheering. A 9d. bottle of Mason's Essence makes 100 glasses of Ginger Wine—as good as Ginger Wine can be.

Buy a bottle to-day from your Grocer, Stores or Chemist, or send 1/- and we will post a bottle and give you name of nearest agent.

NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 22, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Catching the Train

I LEFT home at 2 o'clock to walk to the station. I walked at 4 miles an hour, and had five minutes to spare. Had I walked at 3 miles an hour I should have been five minutes too late. At what time did the train leave?

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le tapis Le chéeri La chaumière

On vient de poser ce beau tapis. Le chéeri est mon légume préféré. Qui demeure dans cette chaumière?

Word Multiplication

IN the following multiplication sum the figures 0 to 9 have been replaced by letters. Can you find the value of each letter? When the letters are arranged in their numerical order they will spell a word meaning consistent.

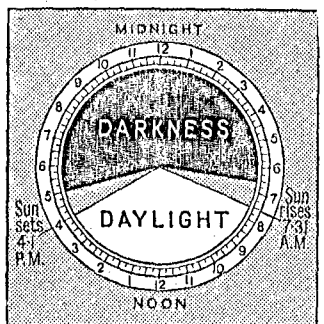
I O B A C E L T
M P

O L T M M M E T T
O M P A L O E B C C

O A M C C A M I T T

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets shorter each day.

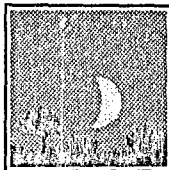
A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in many but not in few,
My second's in sixty but not in two,
My third is in arms but not in legs,
My fourth is in ham but not in eggs,
My fifth is in resting but not in bed,
My sixth is in orange but not in red,
My seventh's in haze but not in fog,
My eighth is in pig but not in hog,
My ninth is in night but not in day,
My tenth is in game but not in play.
With all these clues it surely is clear
That my whole appears twelve times
a year.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Jupiter and Mars are in the South. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West, Jupiter and Mars are in the East, and Uranus is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 5 p.m. on November 26.



A Zoological Shuffle

THE groups of letters below contain the names of a bird, an animal, and a reptile, each name consisting of nine letters. Three letters from each are included in each of the three groups, and these letters have been taken as they stand and then rearranged. For example, supposing one of the words to be ALBATROSS the letters ALB, ATR, and OSS would appear together, but not in that sequence.

L A L R O M R O C
T A N R A Y R O D
M E D R O T G A I

Answer next week

Where It Comes From

Pepper. There are two varieties of pepper, black and white. Both are obtained from the same source, a kind of vine which grows in Southern India, Ceylon, and Malaya. Black pepper is the more pungent of the two; the difference between the two varieties depends on the way the pepper berries are treated after they are gathered.

Light on the Subject

WHICH burns the longer, can you say,
A wax or tallow candle? Nay,
Tis not the wax, as you've divined,
They both burn shorter you will find.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to October 25, 1930, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
London	1930 1929	1930 1929
Glasgow	5660 5553	3421 3408
Manchester	1754 1584	984 1020
Dublin	1053 1028	587 688
Belfast	798 737	390 415
Edinburgh	693 622	375 379
Bristol	582 538	413 426
Newcastle	484 450	292 287
Nottingham	478 445	248 237
Cardiff	366 352	266 196
Coventry	307 320	158 156
Reading	172 185	107 98
	106 113	65 81

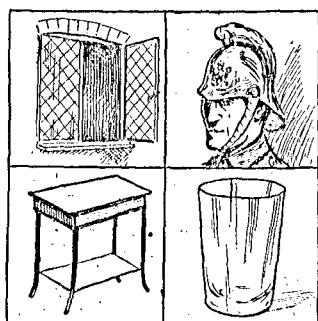
The Greenfinch

GREENFINCHES may now be seen collecting in large flocks, flying very close together. Some of them migrate to warmer climates, but a very large number stay in England all the winter.

With the exception of the sparrow the greenfinch is the commonest of the finch family, and is found throughout Europe. It feeds on nearly all kinds of seeds and grain, especially dandelion in the summer and hips-and-haws in the winter.

It is greenish-yellow on the back, with yellow underparts. The hen's plumage is not so bright.

A Picture Puzzle

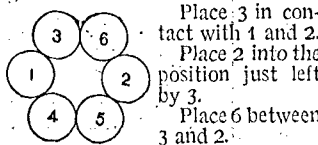


FIND the names of the objects shown in these pictures and then, by taking two consecutive letters from each word, spell the name of something we can hear but not see.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Puzzle With Coins



Selling Newspapers. 80

Hidden Poets

Gray, Poe, Moore, Hogg, Milton.

Diagonal Acrostic

H i m a l a y a s
s y n a g o g u e
A l d e r s h o t
H a r r o g a t e
c a r n a t i o n
p o r r i n g e r
r e c t a n g l e
U l l s w a t e r
A u s t r a l i a

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

E A R L I E S T S E G M E N T
T R I A L E A T L E V E R
H U B M A N D A T E E W E
E M A S P S T E N T I C A
R E A M S E V E N R E A T
F L A M E A D R E A M
C L O S E A S H E A S E D
E Y E S E N T E R E D E N E

DR. MERRYMAN

Once Is Enough

THE conducted party had been led by the guide to the edge of a precipice.

"I suppose people fall over here often, don't they?" ventured one of the visitors.

"Well," replied the guide, "once is enough for most of them."

What Did He Mean?

A PIANO had been bought for twelve-year-old Joan, who was eager to become a good player. "I think Dad might buy me a bicycle now," complained her younger brother.

"Why, dear?" asked his mother. "So that I can go for rides while Joan practises."

The Cauliflower

DURING the botany lesson the teacher noticed that one boy was very inattentive.

"How many kinds of flowers are there?" he was asked.

"Three, sir," was the reply. "Wild, tame, and collie."

Very Strange



"HERE is a thing," the Spider said, "Which causes me surprise. Why does a Duck whose feet are webbed Appear to catch no flies?"

Outlook Rainy

THE weather expert was compiling his forecast.

"You can say that rain will be certain for tomorrow afternoon," he said to his assistant.

"That's very definite, sir," ventured the young man.

"Yes," replied the prophet. "I've lost my umbrella, my wife is going to a garden party, and I have arranged to play golf."

Not Engaged

THE applicant for work had mentioned the wage he expected.

"But that's rather high," protested the prospective employer, who was rather amused at the man's audacity.

"Yes, but I don't know your work," was the reply, "and it will be so much harder for me."



"Sleep"

Do you enjoy the luxurious pleasure of just jumping into bed and falling sound asleep almost immediately; sleeping seven or eight hours continuously and waking fresh, alert, and ready for your day's work? If you do not the "Allenburys" Diet should be added to your daily fare.

A cup of this delightful food beverage, which contains an ample proportion of Vitamin D, taken at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. will quickly tone your system and ensure energy for the day and for the night that wonderful restorer—sound sleep.



In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6 of all chemists
EASY TO MAKE PLEASANT TO TAKE

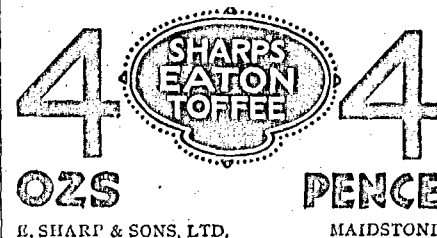
Send 3d. in stamps for 1-lb. trial sample

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.



"Doggie gets a share"

... he always asks so nicely that you *have* to give him some! And no wonder he likes Sharp's Eaton Toffees, they are so creamy and have such a nice flavour that everyone who tastes them enjoys them. Buy some next time and see!



OZS

PENCE

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD.

MAIDSTONE

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

NAKUL, the boy without a father and with a mother who waited for comforts, crept into the shop of a rich merchant.

This merchant was said to lend money to young men who wished to become rich merchants themselves. He found the merchant angrily chiding a youth who had borrowed a large sum of money from him and wasted every bit of it.

"You have no idea of the value of money, nor do you realise that those who are truly poor make much out of little," stormed the merchant. "Why," he cried, pointing to a little dead mouse on the floor, "a careful man could even make money out of that! Shame on you, you

wastrel! Leave my shop, and never return."

Now Nakul's inside was as empty as a drum, but his head was full of good sense.

While he had been waiting he had been thinking, and, approaching the merchant bravely, he said:

"Sir, I came to your shop to borrow money, but if it is true that a sensible man can make a fortune out of a dead mouse I beg of you to lend me this one," and he picked up the little mouse.

"Most certainly," said the merchant. "But you must give me your bond"; and he made Nakul write out that he was in his debt to the value of one dead mouse.

He locked the bond in a box, and Nakul went out,

holding the little creature carefully by its tail.

At the corner of the street he saw a fat old grain-merchant who, when he saw the mouse, cried, "That is just what I need for my pet cat which is ailing, poor creature. How much do you want for it?"

"Two handfuls of grain," replied Nakul; and the merchant weighed out the grain in exchange for the mouse.

Nakul meditated quietly for some time, then he went to the well and filled his mother's largest pitcher with water. He ground the grain into it and took up a position at the cross-roads where tired and thirsty woodcutters constantly passed.

He did a brisk trade.

THE FORTUNE

Every man was glad to take a drink from Nakul's pitcher and each one paid for it with a piece of wood. Some of the wood Nakul sold and bought fresh grain with the money, and some he stored away.

Day by day he did the same, until great storms caused a famine of dry wood in the city. Then came Nakul's harvest. He brought out his store and sold it for such a good price that he was able to open a small shop with the money.

Years passed, and the small shop became a big one. Nakul was known as Nakul the Rich.

One day he visited the merchant and paid his debt, which had long been forgotten, with a mouse of pure gold.